**DANGEROUS IMPULSE** *A New Novel by* **Eric Hatch** AUTHOR OF MY MAN GODFRE

# Liberty

SEPT. 16,
1939

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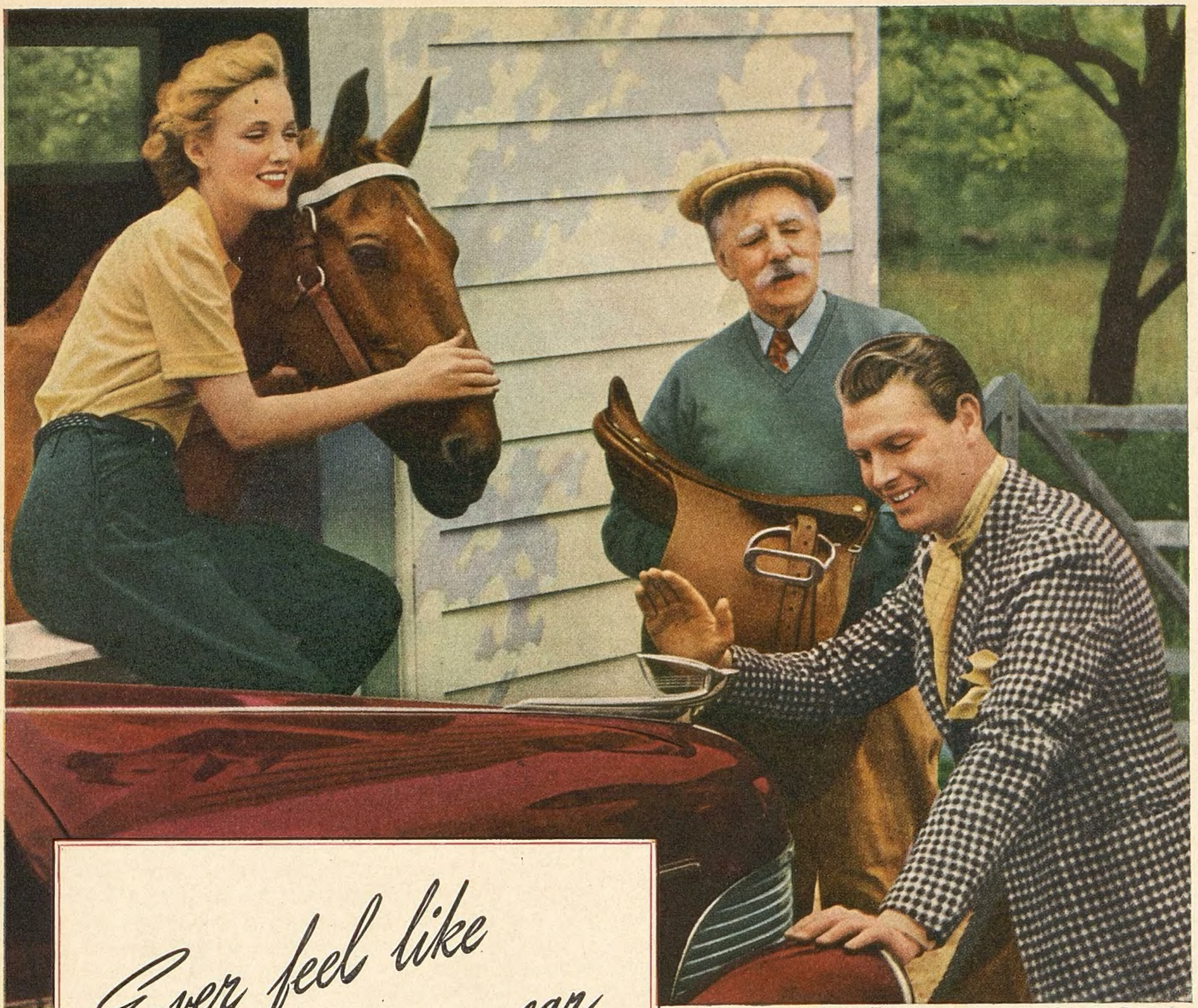
PARKER

## OMBS over CHUNGKING

*by Carl Crow*

## EUROPE'S DAMNE *at America's Doors!*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH **REFUGEES?**



# *Ever feel like patting your car on the "nose"?*

**THIS MONDAY NIGHT...** Tune in **"Tune-Up Time."** Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P.M., E.S.T.; 6 P.M., C.S.T.—9 P.M., M.S.T.; 8 P.M., P.S.T.

IF YOU HAVEN'T, you're missing something. A modern car, properly tuned-up, should have the life and spirit that appeal to a man's sporting blood . . . make you feel like patting it on the "nose" at the end of a drive.

Whether or not *you* get this kind of performance from your car depends on the kind of "oats" you feed it . . . *the grade of gasoline you use.* As your motor service man will tell you, you actually have a choice of three grades of performance. Here's why:

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When your mechanic tunes-up your engine, the closer he can advance the spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you get. But he can't advance the spark any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline you use permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that loses power and economy.

That's why the better the gasoline you use, the better your engine's performance—as shown at the left.

## YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

**BEST PERFORMANCE**—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that the engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power without "knock" or "ping."

**GOOD PERFORMANCE**—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines sold today contain tetraethyl lead to improve their anti-knock quality, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

**POOR PERFORMANCE**—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in your modern high-compression car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION,** *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

SEPTEMBER 16, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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# WE MUST GAIN WORLD SUPREMACY IN THE AIR

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are living in a crazy world. War-mad dictators are massing huge armies. They are building air armament with which to shower tons of explosives on unprotected cities.

Never before, throughout the world's history, have women and children been subjected to such unspeakable horrors.

We have pleaded on numerous occasions on this page for an air force to protect us against the ghastly fate that Spain and China had to endure when bombs were rained down upon undefended cities.

And now we have a chance to breathe freely. At last Congress has awakened. At last the President as realized the dangers we are facing.

We have caustically criticized Hitler on many occasions, but in this instance we are indebted to him. His belligerency has made the administration realize that we must be ready for war in the air.

Hundreds of millions have been set aside in Congress to build and maintain more than five thousand planes . . . many of these being what might be termed flying fortresses. One of these huge planes was flown from the Pacific to the Atlantic recently in a little more than nine hours. The planes of today annihilate time. Some of our fighting planes are capable of flying 350 miles or better an hour. It is maintained that a speed of more than 400 miles an hour can be acquired.

From September 11 to 24, what is termed National Air Progress observance will be officially celebrated in at least one thousand communities throughout the United States. These celebrations will be officially sponsored by the National Aeronautic Association, and endorsed by the Army, the Navy, the United States Post Office, the C. A. A., the Office of National Education, the Smithsonian Institution, the N. A. C. A., the Weather Bureau, the Coast Guards, the United States Chamber and Junior Chamber of Commerce, and one thousand city committees.

Aviation enthusiasts will literally be walking on air. They will be so pleased with the attention given to their particular hobby that it may be difficult for them to maintain their composure.

It has been stated on numerous occasions that in conquering the air, war will become a bloody massacre. It will be turned into such a ghastly carnage that civilization will turn from it in horror . . . that it will bring on a war that will eliminate war for all time.

For years I have deplored the manner in which this country has neglected the education of pilots, and it is indeed the source of untold satisfaction that the Army Corps is now authorized to make extensive plans to add twenty-five thousand men to the present personnel of twenty thousand.

We are on our way to a revolutionary change by the administration. We are truly entering a new world. We have conquered the air, and the time is not far distant when planes will darken the skies . . . for planes will become as popular as automobiles, and will be safer and far easier to drive.

Another world war is doubtless coming. We must be prepared for it; and if human greed and selfishness, which are really the cause of all wars, ultimately destroy everything we have gained in modern civilization, we shall have only ourselves to blame.

There is only one way to save ourselves from war-mad dictators, and that is by building thousands of airplanes, and with full supply of modern armament our flag should be respected and our citizens protected.

The more powerfully we are armed, the more completely we can isolate ourselves. If we are so weak we have to ally ourselves with other nations for protection, then automatically we shall be forced into war. If we are so strong that we can stand alone, we can let the war-mad nations fight it out and stand aloof from the insanities that come with the glorification of wholesale killing.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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# DANGEROUS IMPULSE

## The author of My Man Godfrey gives you another exciting, hilarious adventure

### BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

### PART ONE—A GIRL IN THE MOONLIGHT

IN the doorway of his comfortable Princeton house, Professor Einstein stood saying good night to a man who that evening had provided him with the best obscure mathematical conversation he had had in months. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths of the population of the world would have drifted off to by-by land, had they been forced to listen to it. Not so these intellectual giants. It was to them as strong wine.

The maestro put his hand on Professor Thorpe's shoulder.

"Until tonight, my young friend Richard Thorpe," he said, "I have thought there have been maybe nine men in the world understood me when I talked. Now there are ten."

Thorpe's eyes almost filled with tears, he was so moved. He shook the great man's hand.

"Thank you, sir."

"Good night, professor, good night. You will come for dinner next Wednesday and we will talk again?"

"I certainly will, sir," said Thorpe.

Then the door closed and, head in the clouds, he started toward his rooms. If any one had told him that he would most certainly not be dining with Einstein Wednesday next, he wouldn't have believed them. Probably he wouldn't even have heard them, for on the master's praise he was as drunk as another man would be on six Leopard Sweat cocktails. Tonight he had achieved a goal.

As he turned into Nassau Street and more or less floated along its quiet length he held Einstein's word tight in his mind, the way sportsmen and athletes will hold trophies they have won tight in their hands. He didn't notice that the breeze that ruffled his prematurely gray hair was soft and full of spring and the promise of life. He didn't hear, coming from the grill of the Nassau Inn, the gay singing of the juniors, who were happy because in two weeks they were going to be seniors, or the nostalgic sad singing of the seniors, who were unhappy because in two weeks they were, in a way, going to be freshmen all over again.

Opposite the inn he crossed the street and turned into the campus. He failed entirely to notice that the moon was rather outdoing itself this night in the way it was silvering the gray spires of Holder Hall. If he had thought of the moon at all, he would have thought of it as a somewhat dull planet that he knew much too much about to find interesting. He felt a bit superior to planets. He felt, though he didn't put it so to himself, that, given two other men, a couple of camels, and a star, he could easily have qualified as one of the Wise Men of the East. He felt that he knew just about everything there was in the world to know.

It was at this point in his dream-walking, when he was about halfway between Holder Hall and the extremely ancient building that housed his rooms, that a girl stepped out from behind a bush and clutched his arm. He was so startled that he let out a little wild cry and jumped away from her. Professor Richard Thorpe, B. S., M. S., Ph. D., F. A. A. A. S., A. Ph. S., N. A. S., N. R. C., A. I. P., et cetera, knew a lot, but one of the things the earning of his letters hadn't taught him was what to do when girls jumped out of bushes in the middle of the night. The girl jumped right after him.

"I beg your pardon for stopping your thinking," she said, "but do you know where Livingstone L. Pardee's rooms are?"

This was such a normal question that it brought Thorpe back to normality. He was a little ashamed at having let himself be startled, but his mind had been so far away. He looked down at the girl.

She was a pretty girl. She had on a wool dress that clung to her, and carried her hat in her hand so the moonlight was able to do for her hair and eyes what it was doing to the spires of Holder Hall; but these things were lost on Thorpe. He dealt, not with bodies and eyes and the beauty that can be found in them, but with brains. The girl repeated her question. He shook his head slowly.

"Why, no," he said; "I don't."

"But you're a *professor*, aren't you? I mean, look at your hair and the thinking way you were walking along. *I* thought professors knew everything. By jeepers, I really did!"

"Well, I don't," said Thorpe, his voice icy. "Professors have—"

She cut him off:

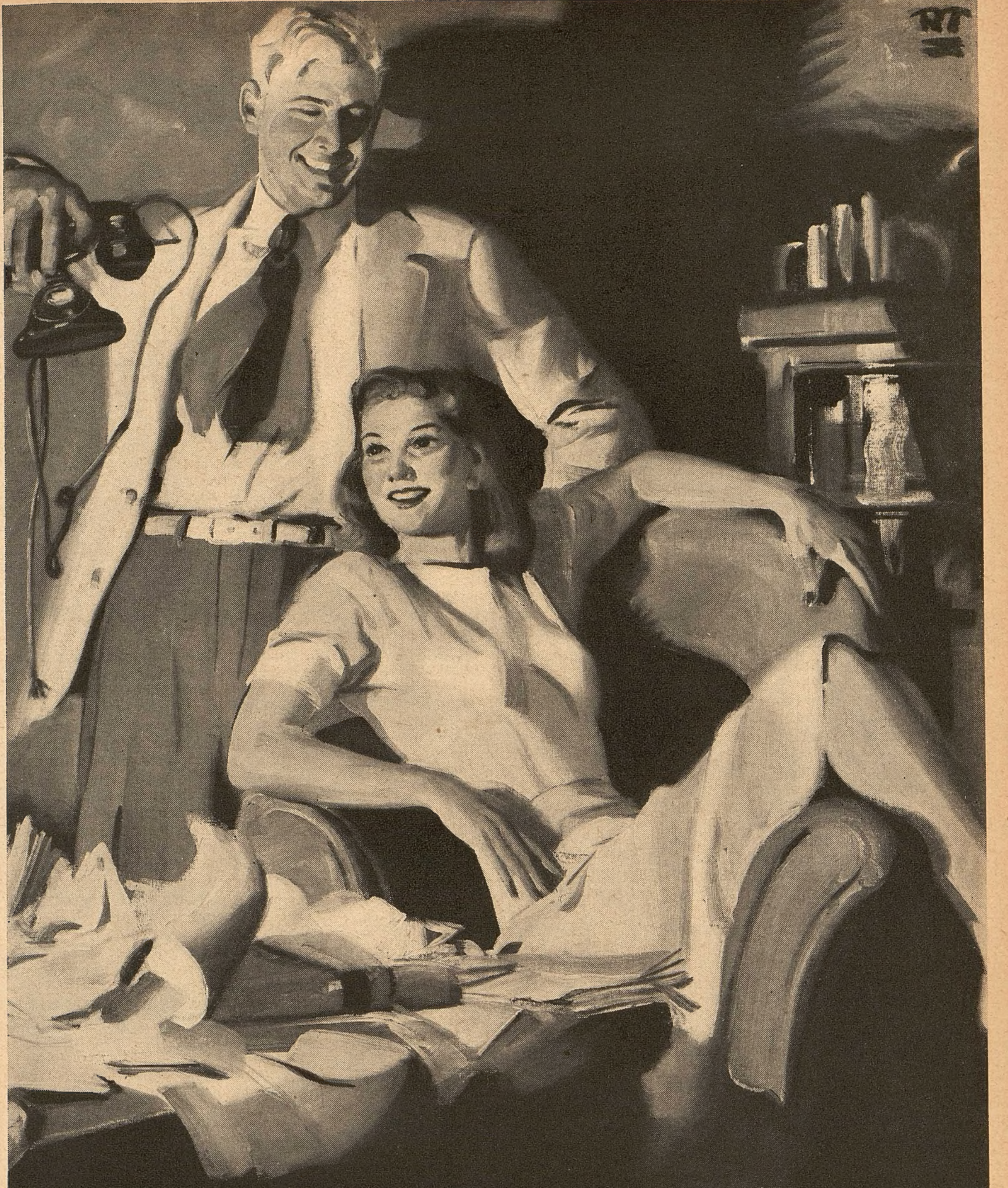
"If *I* was a professor *I* wouldn't get sore just because a girl asked me a simple question and I didn't know the answer."

A short few minutes back Thorpe had been telling Einstein where he could find himself a sunspot if he happened to need one, and he had been duly praised. Now he was being told he was dumb because he didn't know where one particular nuisance out of hundreds of nuisances chanced to live. Furthermore, this obviously nonintellectual young woman had succeeded in making him feel actually mortified that he didn't know where this Livingstone L. Pardee had his wretched rooms. He built up in his mind a sudden bitter hatred for Livingstone L. Pardee that he should have rooms at all. The hatred extended to the boy's mother and father for having been so inexcusably careless as to have had Livingstone L. Pardee. He snapped his teeth together wolfishly and, glaring, bowed.

"Professors," he said, "have more important—ah—things to know about than where every boy in college lives."

"At the moment," said the girl, drawing herself up and glaring right back at him, "there's hardly anything more important than my finding Livingstone L. Pardee."

If Thorpe had stopped to think, he would possibly have realized that there are other forms of relativity than the one he had so often discussed with Einstein that really are more important for the simple reason that they're important to more people. He would have realized how relative is everything in the world. For instance, this girl wanted like all get-out to see Livingstone Pardee. He, Thorpe, didn't want ever to see him.



Catching young laughter broke from her. To his own astonishment, he found he was laughing with her.

It was of terrific importance to her that she see him. It was of no importance at all to Thorpe. To him it was important that when you slugged a lot of chemicals into a vial and cooked them they turned into all the colors of the rainbow. The girl, who in his mind knew nothing, wouldn't have considered this important at all. She probably would have been right, because rainbows don't properly belong in laboratories. They belong high in the summer sky after thunderstorms.

But Thorpe didn't think. He just stood still, glaring, his mind a blank, and the girl stood still glaring back at him; so they looked like a badly posed stop-action picture. Thorpe was so furious that he was breathing loudly through his nostrils. Presently the girl spoke again.

"If," she said, "you'll stop making that silly mad noise with your nose and collect yourself, might you, by some miracle, know where a telephone is!"

Her impertinence sobered him—and gave him back both the use of his mind and his dignity.

"Do you know," he said, "you're being very rude to me? I haven't done anything to you to justify it. As a matter of fact I should be rude to you—you've spoiled an evening that was, in a way, rather wonderful."

Something in the tone of his voice affected her. There was a hurtness—a loneliness—something that touched her. She put a little hand gently on his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said. "We—we got sort of fighting, didn't we? Let's forget about it."

"Why, of course," said Thorpe. Once again he was getting the respect he felt his due. "Now, what did you want to know?"

"Wanted to know if you knew where there's a telephone."

FOR a moment he was stumped again. He felt like a distinguished guest on a radio quiz program who because of unfamiliar circumstances can't remember so much as his own name. He looked around the campus, bright in the moonlight, and wondered where in all that lovely expanse of lawn and trees one *could* find a telephone. It didn't seem likely there'd be one handy—still, it would be a nice place for one, but—then he remembered.

"Why, yes," he said. "I have one in my rooms."

The girl stepped away from him now. She thought she'd caught the ghost of a leer on his face. It wasn't a leer, it was only a trick of light.

"But I couldn't go to your *rooms!*"

"Why on earth not?"

"Oh—I just couldn't!"

The sex angle, the censorious angle, never occurred to Thorpe. He did deal in brains and not bodies, and brains can, obviously, go anywhere, if they don't think out loud about it. So again he misunderstood, and with his misunderstanding, anger, prompted by a sensation he didn't know, came back to him.

"What's the matter with my rooms?" he said. "You were extraordinarily anxious to find this Livingstone something's rooms to go to. My rooms are probably just as nice as his. My rooms are probably better than his. They're probably much, much, much, *much* better than his, because I'm a pro*fessor!*"

He didn't see the girl's pretty lips tremble in a smile, nor hear her breathe, "You're cute." A strange feeling—a feeling he didn't understand—had taken hold of him. He'd never felt like this in his whole life before. He quickly went over the things he'd had for dinner, and was still at a loss about why he felt funny inside. He didn't know that it was because of the soft night breeze and the singing he'd heard, and because the moon had made this strange girl almost unreally beautiful. No more did he know that that night, with Einstein's praise, he had reached the pinnacle of his career, just as the man who makes the run that scores the winning touchdown in a big game has forever crossed his zenith. But, far more important than his not knowing these things, he didn't know he was jealous as an alley cat stuck on a barbed-wire fence of Livingstone L. Pardee.

He grabbed the girl's arm, gripped it too tightly, and put his face close to hers.

"Listen," he said fiercely, and snapped his teeth together again, wolf fashion.

"You make the damnedest noises," said the girl.

"Never mind about my noises. You listen to me. *My* rooms are musty with age and tradition. The same stuff's there that's been there for heaven knows how many years. I guess there're probably ghosts there, too—intelligent ghosts who know about cosmic rays and heavy water and—and the Pharmegan theory." Suddenly he was no longer a great professor, a learned doctor of physics, but a little jealous schoolboy. "I bet you money this Livingstone What's-'is-name hasn't got any ghosts in *his* rooms!"

"You're hurting my arm," said the girl. He let go, shocked at his outburst, and she went on and said, "I'll be very glad to go to your rooms and telephone—Mr. Thorpe."

This startled him.

"How—how did you know my name?"

They started walking toward his building.

"Oh," she said, "I've seen your picture in the papers lots of times, you know, with telescopes and funny gadgets and boilers and things."

THORPE was pleased. The next second he was a little troubled inside his muddled head at being pleased that this obviously nonintellectual young woman had seen his picture in the papers and remembered him.

"Huh!" he said. "I bet that Liv . . ." He caught himself just in time. The girl smiled up at him.

"What did you say?"

"Didn't mean to be saying anything."

But she knew.

They reached the heavy door of the building, and he swung it wide and stood aside for her to pass through. A bathrobed student on his way to the showers scuttled down the stairs and laughed. Professor Thorpe blushed.

"Don't mind," said the girl; "they'll like you all the better for having seen you take a girl to your rooms."

"I was thinking of you," said Thorpe, which was about one third true.

Then he led her up the old iron stairway, worn smooth by the many, many feet of those who thirsted for knowledge of one sort or another and had come to Princeton to find it.

MUSTY, as a description of Dr. Thorpe's rooms, was crass understatement. They were like some old thing you might find in the cellar of an ancient English castle. In the study there was a horsehair sofa, a horsehair rocking chair shaped like a weary wave, a Turkey-red carpet, Morris chair, student lamp, bookcase, and a desk with a perfect snowdrift of manuscript paper covering it. The room looked like a drawing of the popular conception of a college man's room in the '70s—even down to the pipe rack for his trusty brier. About it was the stale dry odor of education.

Thorpe, still blushing a little, led the way in and began a frantic hunt for the telephone. The girl let herself carefully into the wavy chair and looked about her. Under her breath she said, "*This* is the queerest joint I've *ever* seen!" Thorpe was now burrowing in the piles of manuscript paper in much the same manner that a dog digs a hole for bone burying. As he burrowed he spoke:

"Sorry—know the thing's here—never use it myself—use a lot of paper, though, don't I? Ha-ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" said the girl. "Any one that said you didn't would be a liar."

"Got it!" said Thorpe. His fingers had struck the cord. "Now come out, you! You're on the end of that wire! Come out!"

He jerked gently at the wire. The girl watched him smilingly. On the campus he had looked old and impressive and a little frightening. Here, running a telephone to earth in these absurd surroundings, she thought he looked like a cartoon of himself. His gray hair, almost white, didn't belong to the face that went with it; for although the face was lean and intelligent-looking, it was entirely without those lines that mark and, in a way, beautify the faces of men who have ventured out from the cloisters into a rather cruel world and have tried to beat it. It was definitely the face of a Crusader who missed the boat to the Holy Land because he happened, at the time it sailed, to be thinking of something else.

"Come *out!* I *say!*"

Thorpe gave a terrific yank, and a moment later, perspiring but proud, he turned and held the telephone out to the girl. He was pretty darned pleased with himself. Then, obviously holding in laughter as best she could, she said, "Thanks awfully, but—but it won't work so good like that."

Then the laughter—rippling, silvery, catching young laughter—broke from her.

"*Look* at you!" she said. "Just look what you've *done!*"

Richard Thorpe looked what he'd done. He had, in fact, pulled the telephone out by the roots. From the end of the instrument he so proudly held dangled a short length of broken wire. He looked what he'd done, then he looked at the laughing girl, and then he looked at the piece of wire and then back at the girl, and then, to his own astonishment, he found he was laughing with her. He wasn't used to laughing, so at first his laugh sounded more like pebbles being grated together than like a proper laugh; but after a little whatever it is that makes laughter good and lusty and fine corrected this, and he became almost hysterical.

Once he controlled himself. Then their eyes met and he was off again. During this spasm, acting purely on impulse, he flung the telephone through the open window. Then he remembered that he was not only a professor but a doctor, a *savant*, that he had been making an exhibition of himself, and that he was entertaining an extraordinarily pretty young woman in his rooms in the middle of the night. All of these things, according to his tenets, were highly improper. The thought sobered him. He wondered what his friend Professor Einstein would think of such goings on, and although it is almost beyond question that the maestro would have thought such goings on were swell, Thorpe didn't see it that way. He wanted to make amends to himself, so he sat down in the old-fashioned desk chair and tried to look at the girl as though she were a test tube on a Bunsen burner.

"I am extremely sorry about the telephone," he said. "And I really don't know whom we could call on to locate this boy for you at this time of night. The—the authorities, you see, wouldn't approve."

"Are you the authorities?"

Thorpe smiled patronizingly and looked down at her from the high pinnacle of his knowledge.

"Only remotely," he said. "My position here is—ah—peculiar."

"At the moment," she said, "I'd say it was very peculiar—or do all the professors entertain dancers in their rooms nights?"

He blushed, then he smiled at her.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said.

"Don't you know *anything?*"

THE smile left his face and an expression of worry took its place. A little thought had sneaked into the back of his brain and was working its way toward the front. It was a horrid little thought, simply to the effect that maybe this last crack of hers was justified. After all, he hadn't known how to go about finding Pardee, he hadn't known where to find his telephone, and he hadn't known how to get it cleared for action when he found it, and he didn't—he actually didn't—know whether or not the other professors entertained dancing girls in their rooms at night. It conjured up a whole new picture of life. Suddenly he had the awful feeling that maybe other people—most other people—actually knew more than he did. He brought back the patronizing smile—with an effort.

"I know," he said, "that from your panic-stricken state when we—ah—met, this Pardee boy was undoubtedly going to assist you in some way. Can't I take his place?"

The girl laughed. Then she said, "No, I—I shouldn't think you could." Then she started staring out of the window. Thorpe was almost certain there were tears in her eyes. After a moment she turned back to him. "You see—you see—Livvy and I were going to elope tonight."

"Livvy?"

"Livingstone L. Pardee."

"Oh," said Thorpe. "I understand now."

He too looked out of the open window, and somewhere off over the campus he saw a vision called youth. He saw this girl, with her boy beside her, winding over the gentle hills of Jersey in a sleek, sleek car, its lights glowworms in the bright moonlight. He saw her hand resting over his as it lay on the wheel. He saw the little frame house in Maryland where they would stop, and the minister marrying them. He saw romance and, for just a second, he envied Livingstone L. Pardee with all his heart. Unconsciously he sighed out loud and said, "I'm awfully old."

ERIC HATCH *was born in New York City in 1901 and was educated in private schools. From 1918 on he was "more or less" engaged in the investment banking business, but retired in 1927 to devote his entire time to writing. He spends his winters abroad and his summers on a houseboat.*

Again that odd note in his voice got her. She climbed out of the wave chair and went over to him and patted his shoulder.

"No, you're not," she said. "Why, you're only middle-aged."

Thorpe winced. He was thirty-five. Then he turned from the window and looked into her eyes.

"What's your name?"

"Diana. Diana Bedford."

"Do you love this boy, Diana? I mean do you really love him?"

The tears welled up in her eyes again. She shook her head, letting her hand rest on his shoulder.

"No," she said, "not really; but I'm so tired of not having a job and being hungry half the time, and Livvy'd feed me, and of course he's very nice and I like him, but . . ." She clenched her fists. She didn't want to really cry. "But *can't* you understand?"

And then Thorpe surprised himself. He said something that under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't have dreamed of saying. The words spilled out, and by the time they were a foot away from his lips he wished he could grab them and shove them back in his mouth again.

"I suppose it's silly," he said. "But do you know, I almost wish it were I—that you were eloping with?"

Diana's hands unclenched and a smile played around the corners of her mouth. Thorpe didn't see it. It was good that he didn't, because he would have thought she was laughing at him, and she wasn't at all. She was smiling at an idea that had sailed into her head and chased the tears away. The idea grew, and when Thorpe flung himself from his chair and began pacing up and down the room, hands thrust deep into trousers pockets, her smile grew too.

Presently, when his pacing brought him near her:

"I suppose," she said, "that you mean you want to escape from something too."

Thorpe whirled to face her.

"Escape? No—that wasn't what I meant. Meant it would be beautiful eloping with you. Escape?" He laughed, a little wildly. "Why, what have *I* got to escape from? I'm a man of science. I—know—more—" He punctuated each word with a pistol-pointing gesture of his forefinger. "I—know—more about more things than you can shake a stick at than anybody in this country except nine people. Tonight—just tonight—Einstein told me I knew what he was talking about! Does that mean anything to you?"

DIANA, grinning now, shook her head again.

"No, but that was big stuff, huh?"

Thorpe didn't hear her. He went back to his pacing, talking now, delving into obscure theses he'd written, citing experiments he had made that might, had they been practical, have freed humanity from any number of appalling ailments, explaining other research that would revolutionize even such things as the simple calendar.

Diana listened, rapt. Not because of the things he was saying or because the subjects he was talking about were of the slightest interest to her, but because there is always charm in any man talking about his own specialty. The charm doesn't lie at all in what he says but in his intense way of saying it. He might be Richard Thorpe telling of how he could slaughter a billion microbes, or he might be Hiawatha telling how to shoot some rapids in a birch-bark canoe, or an ancient Greek warrior pulling off his stockings and telling of what he did at Marathon—the effect is the same. Diana, though she couldn't make sense out of most of his talk, sat enthralled—watching his tallness, watching his eyes, a little thrilled by his intentness. Livvy had no intentness. He hadn't yet lived long enough or under circumstances to acquire it.

Presently, though, she stopped watching and began to listen, because he stopped talking figures and theorems and began to talk ordinary words that anybody could understand.

"*I* can't imagine what's come over me to make me like this! I don't know—that beautiful moonlight maybe—

you maybe—but—but I *do,* I actually do—want to escape!"

"And I'll bet this is the first time you've had an A-1 emotion since you got out of college!"

He threw her a wild look, crossed to the desk, swept from it all the manuscript papers that hadn't been knocked off during the battle of the telephone, and flung himself into the desk chair, where he sat with his head bowed in his hands, heaving and panting with what was certainly a real A-1 emotion, for fully a minute.

Diana was fascinated. Livvy Pardee began to shrink in her mind. She went over to the desk and sat on its edge, and then, almost timidly, began to run her fingers through the white hair that spilled over Thorpe's hands.

After a little he looked up at her. Then he straightened and managed a smile.

"You said I hadn't had any emotion since I got out of college." His voice was on the wobbly side, as though somewhere deep inside him there was a waterfall of tears that echoed in it. "Don't you realize I never have got out of college? I was made a prof here when I was twenty—the fall after I graduated. That was fifteen years ago. All I've ever done since then has been study, and now—and now I know more than most anybody about the things I've studied and I'm *still* in college!" He laughed bitterly. "What a waste of a man's life! I've about reached the top now. Do you know what the top is? The top is when I get so I know so much that nobody—not even Einstein—can understand what I'm talking about!"

He bowed his head in his hands again and shuddered. He looked as though he were weeping. Were he doing so, it would have been for the same reason that Alice of Wonderland might have wept if, when she started to walk through the looking glass, it had turned out to be made of solid stuff.

Diana Bedford—not because she was a student of psychology but because she was a woman and therefore had certain instincts which, though horribly inconvenient sometimes, at other times are a great blessing—stayed silent until Thorpe quieted down.

Then she said, "By the way, have you any money?"

Thorpe started and sat bolt upright. It seemed such a very odd question for her to ask. But then, everything about this evening had been odd and he was gradually getting used to it. He smiled.

"I think I have," he said. "I don't know much about those things, but I think I'm endowed."

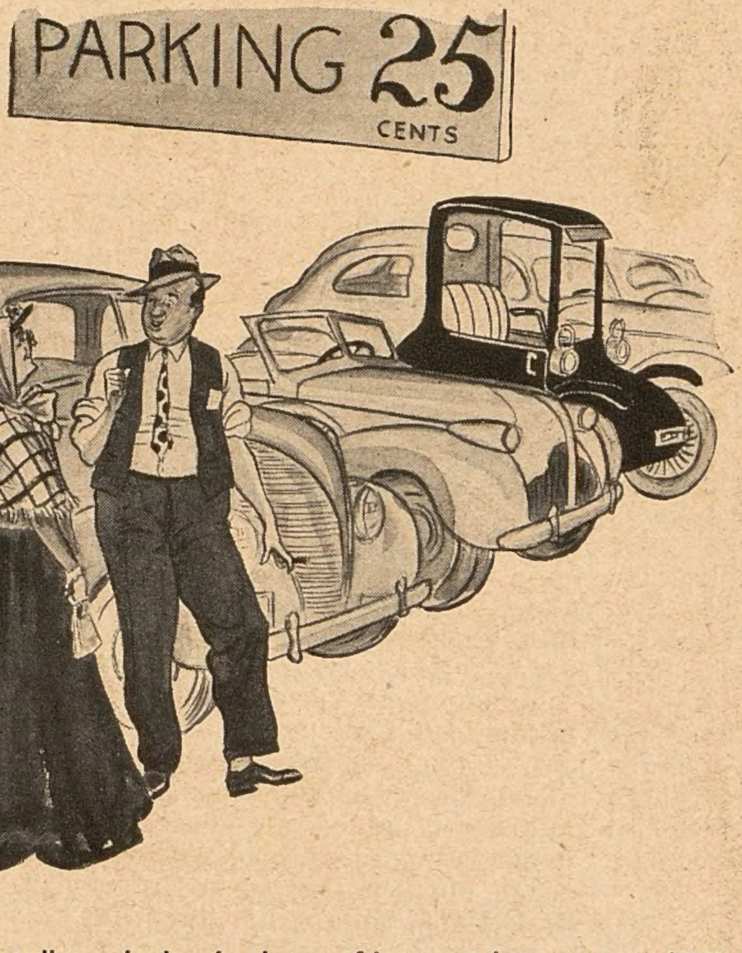
"You mean like a college?" she asked.

His smile grew twisted.

"Yes," he answered, "exactly like a college—like an institution of learning."

Again her light rippling young laughter assaulted the mustiness of the room.

"That's too wonderful," she said. "Because, you see, I've never had much book l'arnin', and so I—I—if we eloped I could just attend classes at you!"



"Now, don't tell me, lady. Let's see if I can pick it out myself!"

Thorpe jumped out of his chair. Saying he wished he was on the point of driving off into the night with a strange girl was one thing. Doing it was something else again. Diana went on:

"It would be so much more interesting eloping with you than it would with Livvy—I mean, after all, you *are* somebody, and the only reason Livvy's even willing to marry me is because—oh, I suppose it's the usual reason boys want to marry girls, but for me it would be only escape and it might turn out not to be that. Now, with you . . ."

She let the speech hang in the air. Thorpe moved over to the window and, resting his hands on the sill, stared out over the campus. He seemed to hear music—gypsy music. It seemed to be in the soft June air coming from nowhere, coming from his prodigal youth maybe, or it had been there always perhaps and he'd been too busy to hear. It was stirring music to a man who has grown old too soon from living his life inside his own head. It was the youth music, gay, haunting, and intoxicating—the music of Pan played on platinum-plated silver pipes.

Diana joined him in the window.

When she came near, the music seemed to become louder and more exciting.

"You see," she said, "I wouldn't have to marry *you,* because, what with your being so old and a professor and everything, nobody could say a thing against us, and I could eat, and you could escape, and we could be perfectly respectable and have a really heavenly time—maybe."

That final crack about his being so old and stuffy that he could even elope respectably without benefit of clergy was what turned the trick. Diana had known it would.

Thorpe turned to her and suddenly and determinedly kissed her lightly on the cheek. It was like an electric shock to him, but he didn't show it.

"You wait here," he said. "I'm going to see the dean and—and get some money for us."

Diana gasped. A funny warmth came to her around her heart. She didn't want to let him know it, so she said:

"Do you know how to change a tire?"

"Possibly not," said Thorpe. "But I certainly know how one ought to be changed."

With that he stalked away. He had reached the doorway before he stopped.

"By the way," he said, and laughed softly, "don't let it disturb you—but I have a feeling there's a ghost in the room."

*This is only the beginning! Once Richard Thorpe emerges from his academic cocoon, he goes in for the adventurous life in a big way. Don't miss next week's installment of this gay, mad, hilarious tale of the professor and the dancer and their strange elopement!*

## ✩ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✩

### by Oliver Swift

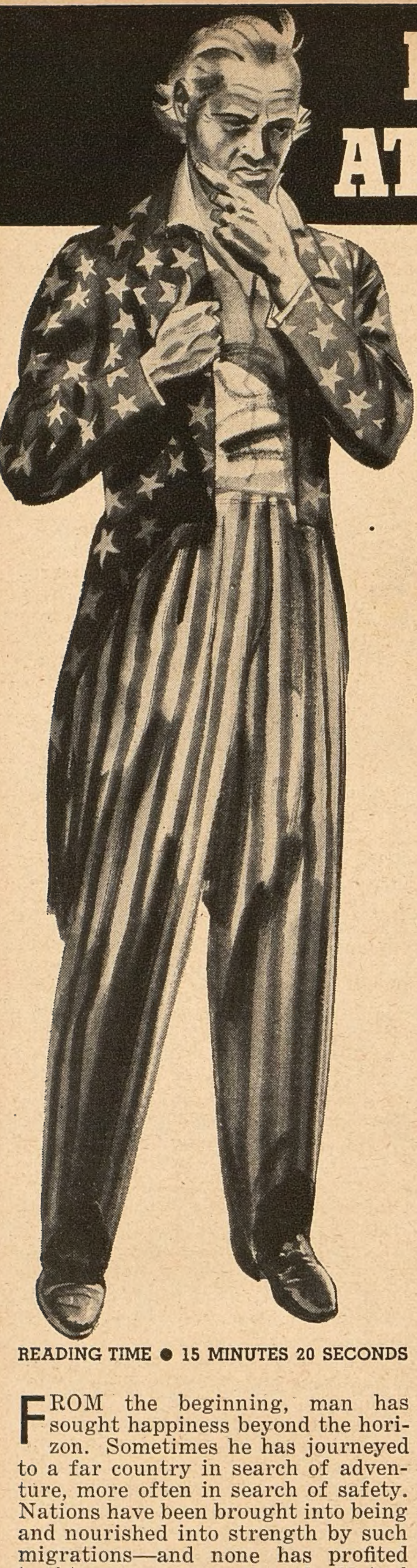
**★ ★ ★ INDIA—RUBBER MAN by Ralph F. Wolf. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.**

**The life story of a dreamer, Charles Goodyear, who with fanatical persistency pursued through many years of poverty and adversity for himself and family the problem of eliminating stickiness from rubber. His discovery of vulcanization made rubber suitable for thousands of uses and laid the foundation for a billion-dollar-a-year industry.**

# EUROPE'S DAMNED AT AMERICA'S DOORS!

## What Shall We Do with Refugees?

### BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



**A vivid look at a tragic world-dilemma and its hapless victims. Will our hearts let us turn them away? Dare we take them in?**

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FROM the beginning, man has sought happiness beyond the horizon. Sometimes he has journeyed to a far country in search of adventure, more often in search of safety. Nations have been brought into being and nourished into strength by such migrations—and none has profited in this manner more than the United States of America, within whose boundaries it is estimated that sixty per cent of the world's migratory population has come to rest.

Puritans fleeing from Jacobean England, Quakers from Restoration England, Huguenots from the France of the Medicis, Flemings and Walloons from the Duke of Alva's atrocities in the Low Countries—these helped to make the nation possible. South Germans driven from their homes by Prussian despotism, Russian Jews by Czarist pogroms, sons and daughters of Erin by famine—these helped to make the nation great.

But none of these flights compares in magnitude or import with the present-day hegira from Hitlerism. Not alone does it make the greatest saga of exodus since an inspired hand penned the second book of the Pentateuch, but it is fraught with far more omens of ultimate disaster. For this time there is no Moses to lead the children of Israel into the land of Canaan, and at this stage of the world's history there is no such land.

Let's face the situation squarely. We must—we Americans; for, by unanimous consent of everybody else, we are going to have it dumped on our own hospitable doorstep.

And what is the situation?

Well, first of all, it is an incredible one.

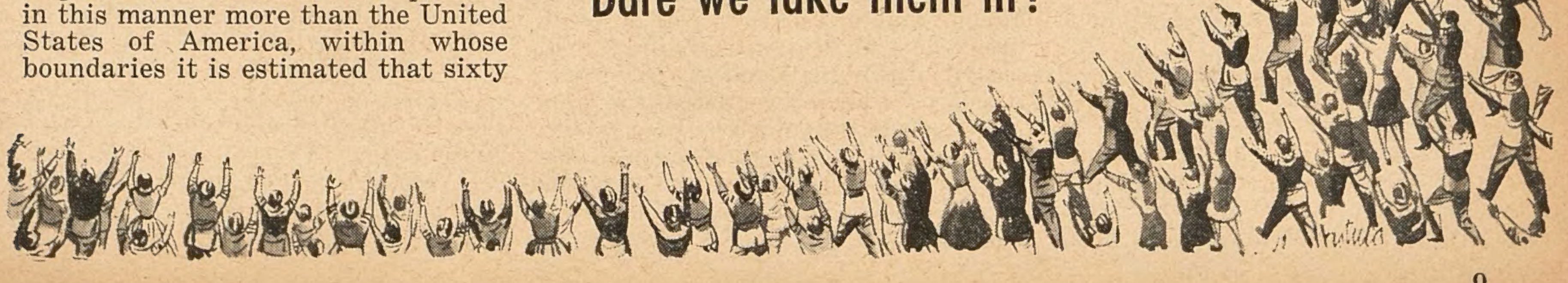
In these days, for example, when sea lanes are charted like motor highways, a phantom ship that floats and floats, like the Flying Dutchman of old, and never lands, is an unbelievable spectacle. But in the case of a modern phantom ship—which was no phantom at all, but a well known transatlantic liner named after one of our greatest cities—the horrors which launched it on its harborless roamings were even more incredible.

"I myself could scarcely believe," said the President of the United States, "that such things could occur in a twentieth-century civilization."

But they did occur. And the ship did sail, with a thousand German and Austrian refugees packed between decks. And for six weeks no country, not even free hospitable sympathetic America, would give it landing papers.

And the St. Louis was not the only refugee ship without a port. There was, for instance, that river barge which floated for weeks along the Danube seeking in vain a neighboring country that would allow her human cargo of homeless starving families to land upon its shores.

Incidents—that's all these were in this hegira which before it is finished —and it has only begun—may well have as weighty an influence on the history of mankind as the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. For, make no mistake, the departure of the Jews and the near-Jews and



the non-Jews from central and Balkan Europe is no incidental journey. In all its imports it is epochal.

There have been other large-scale population transfers since the World War. But to date these flights have differed from the present and impending exit of Jews from central and eastern Europe in one important respect: the fugitives had some place to go.

The world's closed door is variously described as being the result of political and economic insecurity, of the fear of war, of arrogant nationalisms, of economic exclusiveness, of the cessation of migration, of anti-Semitism, of the rigidity of trade-unions and professional bodies' organizations, and other general features of modern society.

More potent, probably, than any of these academic explanations is the fact that the refugee from Hitlerism brings with him out of his old country an exceedingly empty stomach, and offers that empty stomach to possible new countries at a time when many a stomach already in those countries could do with a more satisfactory filling.

That no solution has yet been found for this most realistic of problems is not due to any lack of trying. The proffered solutions run the gamut from Hitler's own plan of holding his Jewish subjects for ransom and blackmailing the world into putting up the money to get them out, to the shocking but understandable suggestion of one Max Rosenberg that professional killers be let out of United States jails and sent to Europe to assassinate the Fuehrer.

None of these plans has as yet been adopted, although Hitler's own has received solemn consideration in high quarters unaccustomed in the old days to the entertainment of blackmail propositions. Meanwhile the largest practical contribution has been made, as usual, by American charities, in the forefront of which stands the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which raised $4,000,000 last year for the relief of their dispossessed compatriots in Europe.

SUPPLEMENTING this major effort is the work of various Catholic and Protestant religious and charitable organizations united with the Jewish ones in a National Coordinating Committee. But the resources of the combined charities of the world, already overtaxed to meet unusual conditions in their homelands, are inadequate to cope with the huge expenses and complicated political questions involved in the transplanting of a race.

The task of solution, like the problem itself, should be an international one.

The League of Nations naturally suggests itself as a possible medium for getting concerted action. But the first thing any one trying to solve the German refugee problem must do is to make a deal with Adolf Hitler, and Hitler hates the League far more sincerely than he does the Jews.

The Evian Conference, called in good faith by President Roosevelt, went the way of most international conferences, which is no way. And so it was with the ponderings of the Intergovernmental Committee in that palatial caravansary set high on the leafy banks of Lake Leman.

"It was obvious to all observers," wrote one commentator, "that no government was prepared to make any real sacrifice to meet the situation."

The most practical suggestion came from Washington by way of London, the so-called "Kennedy Plan," whereby Britain was to put up the land and the United States the money for a huge group migration and resettlement plan. But the land the British were willing to put up turned out to be largely uninhabitable, and the money the United States government would be allowed to put up, in the temporarily economical temper of Congress, seemed likely to prove infinitesimal.

AND so it has gone.

Zionists, anxious to do what they could, declared that Palestine could absorb from sixty to one hundred thousand Jews a year; but experts were inclined to believe that the wish was father to the generous thought. After all, Palestine is geographically only about the size of New Hampshire, and its cultivatable portions are already thoroughly settled, albeit not too harmoniously. A revival of large-scale immigration is all that the grand mufti of Jerusalem needs to fan the flame of Arab racialism throughout the whole Moslem world.

However, the very existence of a large-scale Jewish settlement in Palestine, in spite of all the obstacles that have been placed in its path, shows that group colonizing of city-bred peoples in an agricultural country is not so nearly impossible as many people, including many Jews, have thought. In the light of this experience, optimists believe that there may be a chance, right now, to bring to practical fruition, not in Syria but in some more favorable setting, the ideal of mass resettlement of the Jewish race, which has persisted in some circles ever since the British government offered the Zionists, in 1903, a site for an autonomous colony in the highlands of British East Africa.

So far, however, the lands which have been offered for such an ambitious program have not been appetizing.

The tracts in British Guiana seem more suitable for grazing than for more concentrated forms of country living. Alaska, suggested by some, offers in about one tenth of its area possibilities of limited agricultural activity, which, however, could not possibly be profitable without a market created by an enormous industrial development which seems improbable for decades to come.

Latin South America, which offers more natural advantages than any of the areas under discussion, is definitely hostile to group immigration and even individual immigration at this time, unless the immigrant can prove conclusively that he is not likely to become a public charge.

The most intriguing idea for race transplantation is to take over an island in the sea and set up a national community where all Jews who wish sanctuary, or need it, from any land may be secure in the comparative isolation assured by the bounding waves.

Madagascar is such an island, a miniature continent almost as big as Germany, with only about thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile. Madagascar has everything—iron, timber, gold, graphite, coffee, cocoa, rubber, an abundance of water power—everything except habitability. At least, that is what a former governor general and a Japanese sanitary commission have told the world.

There's always a catch somewhere, and the Madagascar fish is no exception. But if Madagascar were paradise it is doubtful if modern Jews could or would live there.

Successful as the Zionist movement has been—and when you take into account all of the obstructions it has encountered it has been successful—it must be admitted that it has aroused no general enthusiasm on the part of the Jews themselves for the pioneer life which is essential to nation-building.

THERE are reasons for this Jewish attitude—reasons based on deeply rooted conditions. The Jew, after long centuries of adjustment, has accustomed himself to living with Gentiles. He has lost to a governing extent his racial consciousness. He has become—especially in those older European countries from which he is now being expelled or is about to be expelled—an integral part of the country of his adoption. Writes Lewis Browne, author of This Believing World and The Story of the Jews:

"Granted the right, probably ninety per cent of the German Jews would return to Germany tomorrow. Despite Hitler's ranting, Germany is still home to them. The average American Jew has immeasurably more in common with American Gentiles than he has, for example, with the average French Jew. . . . Obviously it is too late to unscramble the omelet and start a land of our own. We have got to remain a scattered people."

This attitude is not just perverseness. There is in it an underlying soundness of judgment which keeps the refugee population of the different countries of central and eastern Europe from throwing in their lot with each other. They have little in common except that at the moment they are refugees, and some of their ancestors—in many cases merely a distant smattering—were of one racial strain. With all due respect to Mr. Wilson and the self-determinists, that is a fragile foundation on which to build a nation.

In short, the plain truth about our present-day refugees is this: Remove the stimulus of persecution, and there is no homogeneity in them—no reason which they can see for their shutting themselves up with a wall or a sea around them.

But even if the ideal land were found for refugee resettlement on the grand scale, and if the refugees could be persuaded to get and stay settled on it, and if the country that owned the land were willing to give it up, the factors of expense and time would still have to be considered in relation to the present emergency.

Experience shows that $2,500 per family for transportation, settlement, and preliminary maintenance is the minimum figure which must be met in any group-migration scheme. When we multiply $2,500 by, say, a million—which is another low point for the number of Jewish and partly Jewish families which will doubtless be expelled from Nazi-influenced eastern Europe in the next few years—we have a sum quite beyond the charitable resources of a world which is already broke.

" Hence," say the experts, " the absorption of involuntary emigrants must continue to take place chiefly through individual infiltration into other advanced countries."

The St. Louis, after thousands of miles of wandering with her cargo of unwanted refugees, docks at Antwerp, Belgium.

By " other advanced countries " is meant, of course, the United States. Not that there aren't advanced countries on the other side of the water. There certainly ought to be, with the start they had on us! But there isn't a nation in the world except the United States—if indeed it is true today even of us—that is strong enough to finance the bailing out and transporting and settling and doling of five million penniless immigrants—and that, as we shall see, is exactly the problem we are asked to face.

The only way we could even try to make any such contribution would be by rescinding the present immigration laws, which have since 1924 limited entrants to approximately a hundred and fifty thousand a year, of which about thirty thousand may come from the Nazi-dominated area. And that is not all: the German quota is full up right now with applications for the next three years; the Czechoslovakian for six years; the Rumanian for nine. The quota for Hungary is reported to be filled for the next twenty-five years.

Various proposals for changing these quotas are now before Congress. But the possibility of any considerable lowering of immigration bars in the present temper of Congress and the people is a scant one. Four fifths of us, according to a recent survey, favor the *status quo*.

Even if there were no quotas at all, the situation would remain a grim one for the particular groups of refugees we have been discussing, if we continued to enforce the clause in the law barring persons likely to become public charges.

That the refugee problem should also be complicated by religious and racial considerations is doubly unfortunate because it makes for lack of frankness both on the part of those who would let the exiles in and those who would keep them out.

For example, the tendency on both sides to disguise the fact that this is in the main a Jewish problem has done untold harm. It is, of course, true that many of the Jewish refugees from Hitlerism profess the Christian faith, that some have as little as twenty-five per cent non-Christian blood, that a few refugees have none at all. But, except as factors in influencing public opinion and financial support in non-Jewish circles, these facts are of minor importance. To stress them is unfair to the Jews themselves, who are the chief victims of the present persecution. It is their situation which must be faced if the refugee problem is ever to be solved.

The same unfortunate camouflage tactics have been followed in minimizing the size of the problem. Well-meaning friends of the refugees point out that the number we have taken in so far is less than four one hundredths of one per cent of our population, and that if we were to absorb all of the refugees from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, the proportion would still be small.

To soothe ourselves with such palliatives is again unfair to the Jews, because it minimizes dangerously the magnitude of their danger. Persecuting Jews, as practiced by Adolf Hitler, is a racket. The Fuehrer's official attitude is not based on racial or religious principle; it is not based on principle at all, but on principal. Hitler needs money. The Jews have it—at least, some of them have—and to get it with any kind of face he must persecute them all.

The Jew who leaves Germany is allowed to take not more than twenty-five dollars with him. The rest of his fortune, be it hundreds or millions, goes in fines and taxes to the Hitler government or in blocked currency into the Hitler-controlled banks. If the Jew himself hasn't enough money to buy his freedom, and some kind well-meaning friend or friendly society outside of Germany pays it for him, that is even better, from Hitler's standpoint. He has sold a Jew to a foreigner for cash.

So long as this robbery-and-blackmail scheme is allowed to go on—and it is difficult to see how, short of war, it can be stopped—every time we help to get a refugee out of Germany we help Hitler to stay in Germany as its ruler. Worse, we help to finance more conquests, more evictions, more horrors, more strengthening of the Nazi hand. And the more successful the racket becomes, the wider will be the area in which it is practiced.

Not only will Hitler himself extend the practice to include all Catholics and Protestants as well as Jews, but the nations of eastern Europe, already infiltrated with Nazi ideology, will not hesitate to adopt the same method of filling their empty treasuries.

From the humanitarian point of view, then, can we afford to encourage the spread of this racket by paying the ransom which makes it profitable?

There are five million Jews in the European danger area. There are, roughly speaking, five million Jews in the Americas. There is also in our midst a regrettable but growing anti-Semitism. To let in these new millions would undoubtedly greatly stimulate a wholly un-American racial resentment, which, if not checked, will soon grow into racial hatred.

Can Jews of America afford to take that chance? Can they afford thus to jeopardize their property, their citizenship, their safety?

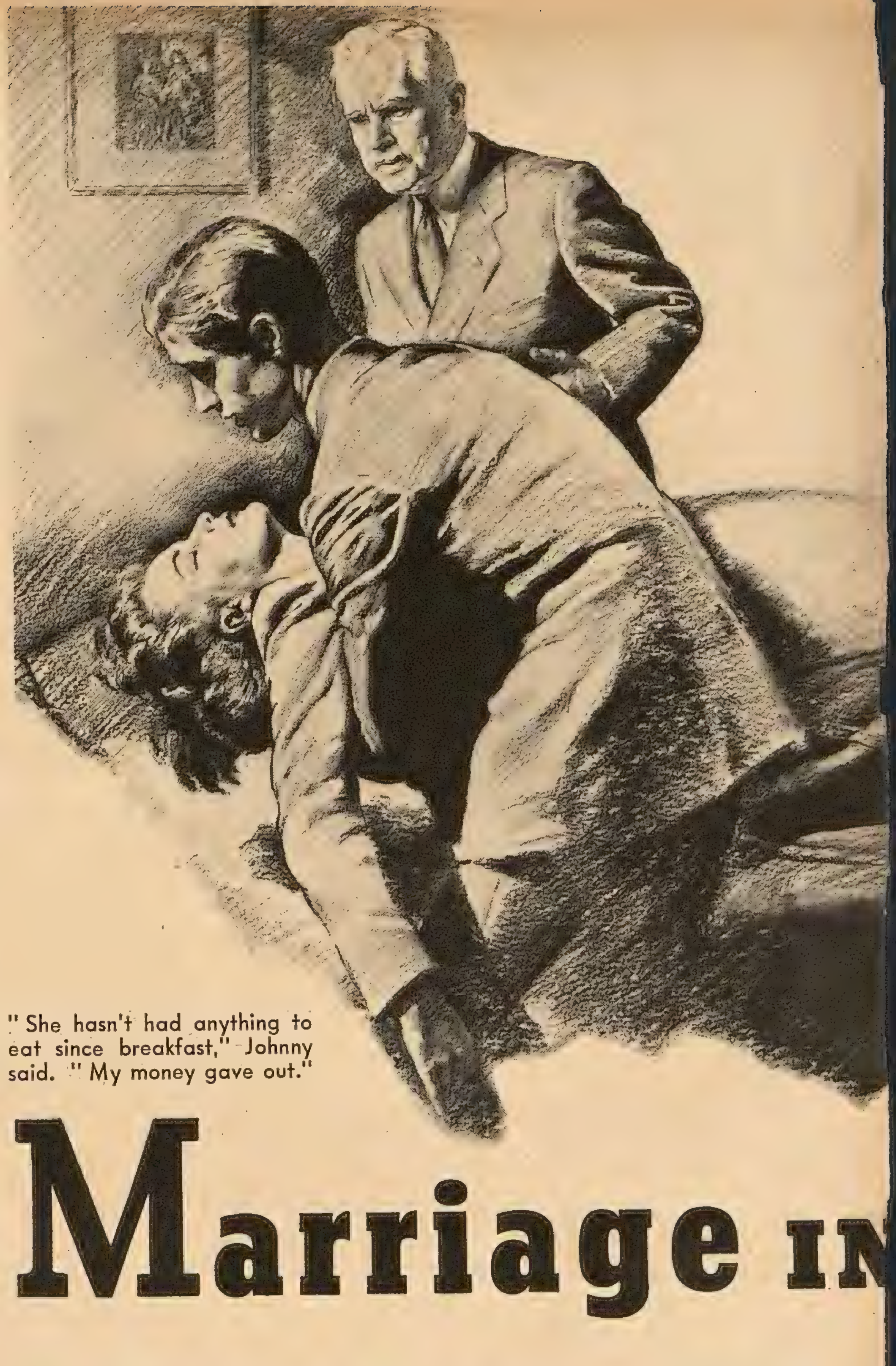
Can we, as Americans of any race and creed, afford to permit anything to happen which might create in our own homeland a situation even vaguely similar to the one which now exists in Fascist Europe?

Against these inescapable considerations, which affect the livelihood and perhaps the lives of millions of former refugees from other lands who are already with us and the happiness and safety of millions of native-born Americans, even cries of distress from overseas are likely to have small effect.

The good captain goes to the rescue of a sinking ship, but not if his own lifeboats are already lowered and loaded to the very limit of safety, not if trying to rescue a swimmer from death means death to the greater number already in the boat.

This is the rule of the sea—the rule by which, on land or sea, man must live and man must die!

THE END



" She hasn't had anything to eat since breakfast," Johnny said. " My money gave out."

# Marriage IN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THE Underwoods weren't rich but, on the other hand, they certainly weren't poor. They had a comfortable house in Silver Brook—that very nice community high in the hills of Westchester and an hour's ride from the Grand Central Station in New York. Mr. Underwood sedately went to his business every day—he was in the wholesale paper business, representing various large mills. Just as sedately, he played golf Saturdays and Sundays.

And if it had not been for young Johnny Underwood, two years out of Dartmouth, the Underwoods would not have had a care in the world. That is, except taxes, labor unrest, the unemployed, the threat of war in Europe, and other things.

The trouble with young Johnny Underwood was that he couldn't find a job. After his graduation—with honors—from Dartmouth, Mr. Underwood had found him a modest place in his own organization; but, modest as the duties were, young Johnny had not given them sufficient attention, and, under the questioning gaze of his partners, Mr. Underwood had reluctantly told Johnny he thought it better if Johnny found a job elsewhere—that perhaps it wasn't a good idea to work for your relatives. Not even your father.

Johnny had agreed readily. Too readily. And he looked for another job. For a year and a half now he'd been looking. But he hadn't found anything.

The funny part of it was, Johnny was so good at so many things. He rode well. He danced well. He played golf superbly. He didn't dissipate. He kept fit. And he was tall, a little gangly, with a humorous face and bland blue eyes.

Mr. Underwood thought sometimes, a little impatiently, that Johnny did not want a job. He had too good a time without one. Running around the country in his yellow roadster that he'd picked up in a junk heap for nothing—at least, Johnny said it was for nothing. Breaking records on the golf course of the country club. Riding with the lovely Lydia Longhurst on her horses—of which she had half a dozen.

" Maybe he'll marry Lydia," Mrs. Underwood said hopefully.

" No; he wouldn't do that," said Mr. Underwood brusquely. " He just rides with Lydia because she says her horses have to be exercised."

" Why shouldn't he marry her? " Mrs. Underwood demanded.

" Well, whatever else you might say of Johnny," said Mr. Underwood, " he wouldn't live on his wife's money."

" He lives on your money," said Mrs. Underwood.

" That's different," said Mr. Underwood. " It's—it's just until he gets going."

This, then, was the situation when the blow fell. A pretty crushing blow it was.

It was May and the first evening warm enough for the Underwoods to have their after-dinner coffee served on the terrace. Johnny had been away for several days visiting.

" When does Johnny get back, Amelia? " asked Mr. Underwood, for his thoughts were never very far away from his irresponsible, exasperating, lovable son.

" One never knows, John," Amelia sighed. " Maybe tonight. Isn't it a lovely quiet evening? "—and she reached from her low bamboo chair to his and took his hand. " Don't worry so about him, John. He'll work out all right."

" I'm not worried," he sputtered, " but I think it's time I gave him a piece of my mind."

Then there was a sound of a car on the driveway. A horn was noisily sounded. " There's Johnny now," said Mrs. Underwood, and rose.

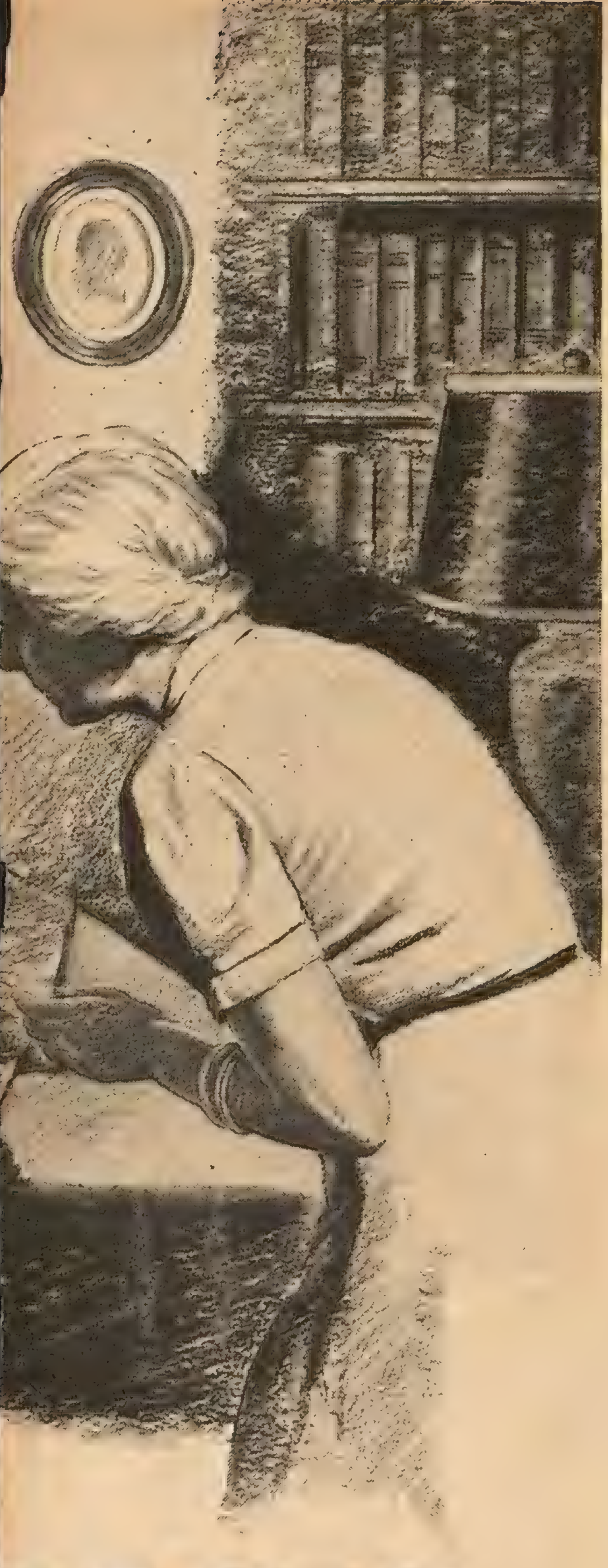
Mr. Underwood rose too, and they went through the French windows into the living room and turned on the lights. A minute later the front door burst open, and there was Johnny laden with bags. But he wasn't alone. A girl—a strange girl—was with him.

" Hello, folks," said Johnny, with what might have been false bluster. " Here we are! This is Jennie. We—we've just been married."

## The love story of a rash young man who chose a bride more wisely than he knew

### BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY



# HASTE

"Married!" Mrs. Underwood exclaimed, stepped back, and sank down upon the couch.

"Yes, married!" said Johnny. "Really married."

After that no one seemed to know what to say.

The girl stood, looking a little frightened, a little defiant, close to Johnny. Her clothes, Mrs. Underwood noted, were just a little too jaunty. Cheap and jaunty. Mr. Underwood, however, did not notice her clothes. He noticed her large dark eyes, eyes with a child's wide questioning stare, her too crimson lips, her too slender figure, her dark hair, somewhat disheveled, that fell to her shoulders. Mr. Underwood was angry, he was nonplused, but, inexplicably, he was sorry for her.

Suddenly the girl grasped Johnny's arm and laid her cheek against his shoulder. She said, "I told you, Johnny, we shouldn't come here."

He gave her an affectionate, quizzical glance. "Where else could we go, stupid?" he asked.

Mr. Underwood recovered himself. "Perhaps we'd all better sit down and talk things over," he said.

Johnny then took Jennie's arm. He pulled over a cushioned chair for her. "Sit here, chicken," he said gently. "The folks will come through. It's just the shock. They'll get over it. They're really nice and kind when you drill deep enough."

Jennie huddled in her chair, her thin hands held tightly before her. Her face was very white. Johnny gave her an anxious glance and sat near her.

"Better explain things, Johnny," said his father.

"Well," said Johnny, "Jennie had lost her job and she was awfully up against it and we didn't know what to do—so we got married. Jennie didn't want to at first—not so suddenly."

"But where did you meet?" asked Mrs. Underwood.

"We met on a park bench," said Johnny.

"On a park bench! I thought you were visiting the Fays in Westport."

"No; that fell through. One of the Fay brats had measles. So I went to New York to look for a job. I found Jennie instead"—but his humorous face was serious. "And I felt so sorry for her."

"You've only known her a few days, then?"

"Yes. And of course we had to have the blood test and get the marriage license first and then wait and —well, here we are at last."

"How are you going to support a wife, Johnny?" Mr. Underwood asked a little sadly.

"Oh, I'll get a job. I'll have to now," he said confidently. "And then we thought we'd get a little apartment. I don't think a bride should live with her in-laws, do you? We've planned it all out, haven't we, Jennie?"

There was no answer from Jennie. She had fainted.

Johnny sprang to his feet and lifted her into his arms. "She hasn't had anything to eat since breakfast," he said. "My money gave out. You see, we had to come home."

"Put her on the couch, Johnny," Mrs. Underwood said. "Take off her jacket and her shoes. Loosen her blouse."

"You do it, mom," Johnny appealed to her awkwardly, and laid Jennie on the couch; and Mrs. Underwood, after a moment's hesitation, tried to make Jennie comfortable.

Mr. Underwood rolled into the pantry and out again, bearing a glass of brandy which Mrs. Underwood managed to get Jennie to swallow.

"Can't we call Sarah and get her something to eat?" Mr. Underwood suggested. Sarah was one of the two colored maids who looked after the Underwood ménage.

"I'll get it," said Mrs. Underwood hastily.

Meanwhile Jennie had sat up. "I'm awfully sorry," she said weakly, "to cause all—all this trouble." And she turned her face away from them, rested her cheek against the back of the couch. To his dismay, Mr. Underwood realized she was crying. Well, they hadn't given her a very nice welcome. But what could one expect?

Presently Mrs. Underwood returned with beef tea and a plate of cold meat with bread and butter.

"Take some of this, Jennie," she said, and smiled at the girl. "Maybe you'll feel better."

Johnny, uninvited, made himself an enormous sandwich.

After that there was another pause, until Mrs. Underwood said, "Johnny, you'd better take her up to bed. Use the guest room because it has the twin beds."

Johnny looked as if he considered everything settled happily. "O. K., mom," he said blithely.

He seized the bags and, whistling, ran upstairs with them. He came down again and picked up Jennie. "She won't act like that again," he said. "It was just nerves and hunger. She's as strong as a horse. Why, one night we danced all night and then had breakfast and went down to the Battery to see the sun rise."

After they had heard the door of the guest room close, Mrs. Underwood threw herself into her husband's ample embrace and let herself go.

Mr. Underwood patted her shoulder. "There, Melie!" he said, using the pet name he too rarely used now. "Everything will be all right."

"And I can't help feeling sorry for her, John," Mrs. Underwood sobbed. "Johnny just married her because he was sorry for her, too. And how is that going to end?"

THE next morning, Johnny accompanied his father to New York, sure he could dig up something. "I'll even run errands," he remarked, with an air of great virtue. "Anything to get started. If I run errands my track training will come in handy," he said, and laughed. "I've been wondering when my college education would start to pay."

And in Silver Brook the moment arrived which Mrs. Underwood dreaded. She and Jennie were left alone, except for Sarah and Victoria, the two colored maids.

"What shall I do, Mrs. Underwood?" Jennie asked after they had sauntered a little aimlessly into the living room.

"What do you mean, what shall you do?" Mrs. Underwood said.

"I don't want to just sit around. Can I wash the dishes or something?"

"No, you can't do that. The maids do that. They'd be annoyed if you interfered with their work."

CAN I dust this room?"

"No. They do that too. In a little while I'll go down to the village, marketing. You can go with me if you wish." Yet Mrs. Underwood dreaded that, too. Exhibiting, explaining her new daughter-in-law. Well, that was one of the things that had to be faced.

Jennie looked very pretty this morning. She wore a simple yellow dress and she'd tied a yellow ribbon around her dark curls. These girls, Mrs. Underwood reflected, were never too poor to afford permanents.

Jennie stood by the window, gazing over the valley. "Isn't it lovely here?" she said. "So quiet and peaceful." She turned then, her hands clasped before her. "I guess you think we were crazy to get married so suddenly," she said. "I think so, too. But you do crazy things when you don't know where your next meal is coming from."

"When did you lose your job, Jennie?"

"Two weeks ago. I had eleven cents left. And the woman where I had a room was getting awfully nasty. I didn't dare go back to my room. And I was wondering what the hell—oh, excuse me!—I was wondering what in the world I was going to do, when Johnny spoke to me."

"What were you doing when he spoke to you?"

"I was crying. And he sat down beside me, and he said he knew how it was, that he'd been up against it himself, and then he took me to a dog wagon and bought me hamburgers and some coffee. And he wasn't fresh or anything, didn't make passes. I've never known anybody like Johnny—so nice, so good-looking."

"What did you do when you had a job?"

"Secretary—stenography and typing. I made eighteen a week. I didn't save anything. Maybe I was foolish, but you know . . . when the sun's shining you don't think of rain."

"I'm sure Johnny doesn't," said Mrs. Underwood.

"Well, why should he?" Jennie asked. "With a home like this. I didn't know his folks were so rich, Mrs. Underwood. Honestly, I didn't. If I'd known, I wouldn't have married him. I thought he was sort of down and out like me, and maybe we could work out things together—you know, bucking each other up. I didn't want to chisel into anything like this."

"We're not rich," said Mrs. Underwood.

"You're what I'd call rich," said Jennie.

"Johnny shouldn't depend upon his parents," said Mrs. Underwood.

"Yes, I see that," said Jennie thoughtfully. "He should make his own way in life. Everybody should. I wanted to. But nowadays things gang up on all your best ideas and ambitions. But I'm not licked yet."

"Were you born in New York?"

"Oh, no! In a little village upstate. Canton. I guess you never heard of it, although it has a university. I always thought I'd go to the university. But then, after my mother died and my father married again, things weren't so nice at home. So I thought I'd make my own way in life, just like you said, and I came to New York."

"How old were you?"

"Sixteen. I had a little money my mother left me—two hundred and eighty dollars—and I got a job working in a restaurant where they just served breakfast and lunch. It was way downtown near Wall Street. So I could study typing and stenography in the afternoons. It was swell as long as the money lasted."

"How old are you now?"

"Nineteen."

"What does your father do? Perhaps I shouldn't ask you all these questions."

"Oh, yes! I don't mind. I think you've got the right to ask me all the questions you want. My father runs a little store. I did write him I'd lost my job and was awfully broke, but I didn't get any answer to the letter. Maybe my stepmother got hold of it before he saw it. She's got an awful hate on me. She's—she's not very nice, Mrs. Underwood. She worked in the hotel before she married my father, and she was a little fast. Well, maybe she wasn't but people said she was. You know what small towns are for gossip. Anyway, I felt I had to get out. My own folks"—Jennie gazed at Mrs. Underwood with her wide childlike eyes—"my own folks were all very nice. My mother was the daughter of a professor at the university. That's why it's too bad I didn't get more education. My mother would have liked me to be well educated. I thought you'd like to know I come from good people, Mrs. Underwood. There's nothing to be ashamed of about my own folks. Oh, I'd love it if—if I could do something to make Johnny proud of me."

On an impulse Mrs. Underwood kissed her.

JOHNNY did not get a job that day. Nor the next day. In fact, a month or more passed and Johnny didn't get a job. Johnny became irritable and nervous. Irritable to his father and mother. Irritable to Jennie.

One night Jennie waited until the irritable Johnny had flung himself off to bed and Mrs. Underwood had retired too. Only Mr. Underwood was left in the living room, engrossed in one of the mystery stories that enthralled him. He wasn't even aware that Jennie was still with him until she said apologetically, "Mr. Underwood, may I interrupt you a minute?"

Mr. Underwood marked the place in his book with his finger. "Yes, Jennie?" he said.

"Listen, Mr. Underwood. I'm a pretty good stenographer and typist. Very good, in fact. I thought maybe you could find me a place in your office, and then I could give whatever you paid me to Johnny. Maybe if he had some money of his own he wouldn't be so cranky."

"But it wouldn't be his money."

"Well, it wouldn't be yours, Mr. Underwood. It would be ours. We'd be sort of independent."

Mr. Underwood shook his head vehemently. "It's impossible, Jennie. Don't ever suggest it to Johnny. Think of his pride!"

"I'd like to do something to make him proud of me, Mr. Underwood. If he saw I could make some money—"

"No, my dear child. Don't think of it! It would make him ashamed of himself. It would be the worst possible thing for you to do."

Jennie looked thoroughly discouraged. "I suppose you're right," she said, "but I feel so—so useless. I wish I could do something. What do ladies do with their time, anyway?"

JOHNNY was no longer going to New York every day in search of a job. He was slipping back into his old pursuits. Playing golf, running around in his roadster. And one day Lydia Longhurst telephoned him and asked him why he didn't ride with her any more.

Johnny told his mother about it. "Well—" she said.

"I don't see what harm there'd be in it," said Johnny defensively. "I need the exercise just as much as Lydia's horses do."

"I don't think Jennie is very happy here," Mrs. Underwood said. "You leave her too much alone. Why don't you take her to the country club?"

"She doesn't play golf. It's no fun for her just to sit on the veranda there. And she says she hasn't the right clothes. No, she doesn't say that, but I know it's what she thinks. I said she might borrow some of your clothes, but she said we'd better wait until I got a job." He smiled ruefully. "Jennie's got her pride too."

So Johnny went his way, including riding with Lydia Longhurst, and Jennie stayed at home, wandering around the house like a small white ghost. The only time Mrs. Underwood heard her laugh was when she went into the kitchen and talked with the colored maids. Mrs. Underwood did not approve of this, but she said to herself with unaccustomed vehemence that she'd be damned if she was going to interfere—it was the only fun the girl seemed to have.

Jennie did go to the country club one day, however. It was when Johnny was playing—and winning—the men's tournament. Lydia Longhurst was there too.

While Mrs. Underwood was changing her dress for dinner, Jennie knocked at her door. "May I come in?" she asked.

"You're always welcome, Jennie. You should know that by now," Mrs. Underwood said.

"Yes; you're lovely to me," Jennie said, and sighed. "I was talking with Miss Longhurst at the country club, Mrs. Underwood. Was Johnny in love with her once?"

"I don't believe so," said Mrs. Underwood quickly. "Lydia and Johnny have known each other all their lives."

"Maybe he would have married her if it hadn't been for me. Something she said made me feel that Johnny had proposed to her and she turned him down and now they're both sorry."

"Don't think that," said Mrs. Underwood. "I'm sure it isn't true."

Jennie sat there pensive for a few minutes. "Well, they'd have made an awfully nice-looking couple," she said.

She rushed from the room then.

The next afternoon Mrs. Underwood went to a bridge party. She hadn't been home more than half an hour when Johnny burst in. "Mom!" he cried at the top of his lungs. "Mom! Where's Jennie? Is dad home? I've got a job!"

"A job, Johnny!"

"Yes." He was laughing and breathless. The old Johnny was back. "Sandy—you know, the pro at the club—has got a better job at some swanky new club in Rhode Island, and they're going to let me take his place. Where's Jennie? Where's dad?"

"Your dad's taking a shower," said Mrs. Underwood. "Jennie's probably up in your room."

But Jennie wasn't anywhere. They found her letter on Johnny's dresser:

> Dear Johnny and Mr. and Mrs. Underwood [she had written]: I think it's better I get out. I guess it's all been a mistake. I don't fit in. And it would be much better if Johnny got a divorce and married Lydia. I borrowed five dollars each from Sarah and Victoria. I'll pay them back. I'll be all right, but don't try to find me. I liked you all very much, but I can see it didn't work and never would. Sincerely,
>
> JENNIE.

Johnny dashed to New York that very night, to her old roominghouse, but they knew nothing about her.

"It's his wife—she helps him make a living!"

"Maybe she's gone to Canton," said Mrs. Underwood.

And so, risking his new job, Johnny raced up there in his yellow roadster. "Her father's a nice old geezer," said Johnny gloomily, when he got back, "but her stepmother's awful. I don't blame Jennie for leaving home. Neither of them knew a thing about her."

They thought of notifying the police department, but did they have a right to do that when Jennie herself wanted to disappear? And after a few weeks Sarah and Victoria each received her five-dollar bill from Jennie. In plain envelopes. No return address. They were postmarked New York, and that sent Johnny on another chase. But nothing developed from it. Jennie was lost.

It was the early part of October by then. The country club would be open another month, and then Johnny could go down to Florida if he wanted. He'd had an offer from there. But he didn't seem much interested.

"Do you think he really cared for Jennie?" Mr. Underwood asked his wife. "He seemed so indifferent."

"That's Johnny's way," Mrs. Underwood said. "That's all young people's way nowadays. I think Johnny is eating his heart out. And he's full of remorse, too. He'd make a better husband now than he was before. I feel a little remorseful myself."

Mr. Underwood kissed his wife. "Seems to me you were the one person who was decent to her," he said.

Yet it was Mr. Underwood to whom Jennie finally telephoned, not Mrs. Underwood. This was one fine October morning at the office.

Mr. Underwood said anxiously, "Are you all right, Jennie? Where are you?"

"Well, I'm sort of all right, Mr. Underwood," she said, "but then again I'm sort of in trouble. I'd like to see you. I'll come to your office if you'll let me."

"Of course I'll let you." Mr. Underwood was thinking fast. "Come this afternoon about four. Is that all right?"

"Yes, I'll be there."

Then immediately Mr. Underwood called the Silver Brook Country Club. Johnny was out on the course, but Mr. Underwood left word he was to come right to his father's office.

"Tell him it's urgent!" he shouted. "Tell him it's Jennie!"

Johnny was there long before four, and Mr. Underwood explained things to him and then thrust him into a vacant office to wait.

Jennie arrived promptly at four.

Mr. Underwood, a little diffidently, kissed her. "You look all right, Jennie. What's the trouble?"

Jennie gave him her widest stare. "It's a baby, Mr. Underwood," she said. "I went to the doctor. I was so surprised."

"Well, I don't see why," Mr. Underwood chuckled.

"I have a good job in Newark, New Jersey, but I suppose I'll have to give it up, for a time anyway. And I thought maybe you'd help me out. Johnny needn't know."

"I think Johnny should know."

"Did he get his divorce?"

"No. He doesn't want a divorce. He wants you. He has a job. He's been terribly worried about you."

"I don't think Johnny ever really loved me, Mr. Underwood. He wasn't proud of me ever."

"Maybe he'll be proud of you now."

"Why?"

"I mean the—the baby." Mr. Underwood was embarrassed.

Jennie wasn't. Not in the slightest.

"I don't see why that's anything to be proud about. Anybody can have a baby."

"Well, why don't you see what Johnny thinks?"

Jennie's hand went to her heart. "Where—where is he?"

Mr. Underwood rose and led her to the office where Johnny was closeted. He opened the door and gave her a little shove. "I want you both to act like nice sensible young people," he said. "No more of this fiddle-faddle."

Then Mr. Underwood returned to his desk. He sighed and he smiled. Then he picked up the telephone.

"Get me Mrs. Underwood," he said.

THE END

Sportdom sensation! A lively survey of what's behind "pro" football's amazing rise to fame and fortune

# DOUGH FOR

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

AS the timekeeper's stubby pistol boomed a finish to the final quarter, some 56,000 frenzied fans stood on their seats and forced a last shriek from throats already raw from two hours of steady yowling. The stands spilled, slopped over on to the field and covered it with a wildly dancing blanket of people. Fist fights sprang up here and there. The goal posts were ripped up.

The subway doors clanged open, unleashing portions of the mob on unsuspecting Pennsylvania Station. A band blared. Fifty Indians, in full regalia, cut themselves loose in a war dance that would have shamed their ancestors. Ladies screamed. A caravan of special trains pulled up, chugged off, and 10,000 strident voices bounded dully from the ceiling.

"What was that, anyhow?" queried a station attendant, sneaking from under a bench which had given him quick and necessary sanctuary. "An invasion?"

"That," retorted a magazine salesman, poking his head above the counter, "was a collection of grown-up people who oughta know better than to run around acting like wild men. That was a hunk of the crowd that just seen them Washington Redskins lick the tar outa the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds."

This, incidentally, was the biggest pro football crowd New York had ever seen. This was bigger than the creamiest games between the East's hottest colleges. Only 20,000 had watched Columbia and Stanford, an intersectional tilt. Only 35,000 had watched Fordham play St. Mary's. Only 22,000 had seen Dartmouth meet Columbia.

In 1938 the ten members of the National Professional League played to one million spectators, a 22.5-per-cent increase over the previous year. The attendance has surged upward a full 150 per cent in the last six years, increasing at a steady rate of better than 25 per cent a year. An increase of more than 900,000 spectators was shown over the National League's first year, 1922.

The league is divided into two groups, the Western and Eastern divisions. The champions of each division win a pennant, as in baseball, and play one game for the world title. The Eastern group is made up of the New York Giants, the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Washington Redskins, the Philadelphia Eagles, and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The Western loop is composed of the Chicago Bears, the Chicago Cardinals, the Cleveland Rams, the Green Bay Packers, and the Detroit Lions. Interdivisional play between both halves is accepted. One hundred and ten games make up the fall schedule, most of them played on Sundays. Each year the champions play an all-star aggregation of college football players, many of whom promptly sign up with members of the league. Those games rarely draw less than 65,000 people.

And the average of professional attendance, per game, is more than double that of the colleges!

A million paid admissions to any sport will make a heavy dent in a competing sport, particularly when the admissions range from $1.10 to $3.70.

What does all this mean? Is it a premonition of something to come? And, above all, is it a sign that *professional football will replace college football?*

The steady rise of the professional is based on one specific thing. The professional football bosses have aimed their game at the average man. *They cater to the individual who has had no college football allegiance. They have, in short, built an alma mater, a sentimental attachment, for the non-college man, the gentleman who was forced to forsake education for work at an early age.*

The game's directors estimate that a good three fourths of their mass attendance is compiled of people who never before had been able to work up an acute interest in football because they never had a chance to go to college. To attract this new and fertile customer to their games, the professional owners schedule their matches on Sunday, and charge admission that is not too high for the wage earner.

And the pros give what their followers demand. They play hard rough football and, in the main, play cleanly. Since the start of the professional game, not one player has been killed, although the same cannot be said for the colleges, where every time a player dies, an immediate cry goes up to abolish the game.

The pros play for keeps, and this attitude is the very bread and meat of the bleacher seats, which is where your true sports fan sits.

The Chicago Bears have the reputation of being the toughest aggregation in the country. No one bothered to collect any statistics on the matter, but the opinion is that the Bears must have averaged one and one half fights last year for every point scored, and they finished the season with a field day against the Redskins. Consequently they are very popular with the fans, who are more or less certain that when the Bears play they'll get more than their money's worth.

The prime interest getter in the professional game is the fact that the spectator never knows what to expect. Although the plays are intrinsically simple, the quarterbacks are tops in unorthodoxy. If it wins, it's good. And even a one-sided game is usually interesting, because of the fundamental excellence of both teams. Because each team is well rounded in all phases of the game, there are really no soft touches on the schedule, as is quite often the case among the bigger colleges.

The essential differences in collegiate and professional rules provide a wide latitude which makes the professional game primarily a free-scoring affair, in which no team is immune from several touchdowns per game. This slush scoring is a welcome relief, say, from the Pitt-Fordham epic, which has traveled three years without a score. And it keeps the customer in a perpetual state of frenzy; keeps his tonsils oiled and his blood coursing hot, which is very nice on a chill autumn day.

The college rule makers say a pass may be thrown from a point not less than five yards back of the line of scrimmage. The pros say you can toss a ball from any point back of that somewhat mythical line. This tends to hatch a free-scoring game, with double and triple lateral passes made easy. Gaynell Tinsley of the Chicago Cardinals, who won fame as an end at Louisiana State University, snagged one pass last year that traveled 65 yards from teammate Rock Reed's fingers. Sammy Baugh, who led the league in completions, hung up a new record with 81 completions for a net gain of 1,127 yards!

The goal posts, in the professional pastime, are set flush with the goal line, whereas the collegians have their crossbars ten yards back of the pay-off strips. This nearness of the posts gives the pros, who usually boast two or three fantastically perfect kickers, a dangerous offensive weapon in the point after touchdown and the field goal, while the colleges mainly rely on the touchdown itself. The colleges try field goals as a last resort, while the pros will gleefully attempt to sink one from any portion of the field short of the halfway mark. Manders of the Bears and Ralph Kercheval of the Brooklyn Dodgers can drill the eye out of a squirrel, or a spectator, at 40 yards with a place kick. Manders consistently bangs them home at 35 yards, and Kercheval has slapped one dead between the posts at 50 yards. Riley Smith, who helped make Dixie Howell famous at Alabama, set

# DOWNS

## BY BOB RUARK

a new record last year with 22 straight conversions after touchdowns.

But it is in pass defense that the pros really provide the blood and thunder. A pass, particularly a long one, is a signal for the stretcher bearers to gird up their loins and ready the arnica.

The college rules say that anything but a clear attempt to catch or break up the pass is interference, and the pass is ruled complete. Last year, with the razzle-dazzle style of play in full swing at the colleges, interference penalties climbed high, to the great disgust of the spectators.

Interference in professional circles runs about the same way, but the interpretation of the rule is apt to be a deal more liberal. The man who is receiving a pass, they figure, is a full-grown husky adult with a full realization of what his profession entails. If he is not amply able to take care of himself, if he is not perfectly trained, then he has no one to blame but himself. Of course it is not considered exactly " cricket " to kick out the receiver's teeth, but any honest incidental mayhem is quite all right. It is nothing unusual for three pass defenders to hit the potential receiver at the same time, one high, one low, and one in the middle, but these pros are tough and they manage to come up for more.

And you can run with fumbles in professional football where you can't under collegiate rules. The collegians attempt to prevent excessive pile-ons by claiming that the ball is downed on the spot where the runner's knee touches the ground. In the pro game, however, this ruling fosters the delightful game called hit-him-hard-and-keep-him-down-or-else-he'll-rise-again-to-score.

They pay off on ability in the pro game. There is no comparison between the often slovenly play of the collegians and the sharp precision of the pros. The men are postgraduate artists in their lines, and they are not allowed many mistakes. The average pro back must be able to block with the sharpness of a machine-gun burst, run nimbly, tackle viciously, and kick better than so-so. The linesmen must be able to dish it out and take it equally well. And, above all, the pro must be able to think. Few dumb lads last long when they're getting paid to think.

And with an eye ever cocked at the box office, the pro moguls have picked their players for color as well as ability. Baugh was given great publicity at Texas Christian University—he practically put the school on the map—was the year's sensation, not only as a passer but as a kicker. Ace Parker, All-America at Duke, proved to be just what the doctor ordered for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The great Bronko Nagurski was twice an All-American, as both linesman and back. And, of course, a gent named Red Grange did all right. Remember?

Sammy Baugh's prominence has cast a curious light on the professional game. For one thing, it has raised the standards of professional salaries so high that the owners now must pay up or lose their luminaries. Already Keith Molesworth of the Bears and Cliff Battles of the Redskins have deserted to the enemy—the colleges. Molesworth went over as backfield coach at the Naval Academy, and Battles is performing a similar chore at Columbia.

Before Baugh, who made $6,000 his first year in the majors, and who didn't sign for a cent less than $12,000 this year, the average amount received by the average pro player for a season was something like $1,500. Battles, a veteran of six years, was making only $2,750 when he was hired by Columbia. That has changed. With the recognition of the sport has come recognition of the players.

This fall may be the best year in the game's history. Owners expect an increase of fully 30 per cent in attendance in every city but Philadelphia, which is still laboring in the shade cast by the University of Pennsylvania and the Army-Navy game. A charter that once could have been bought for coffee-and-cake money, about fifty dollars to be exact, now will sell for no less than $150,000. The West Coast is screaming for representation in the National League. Pro football is climbing.

It takes four years and almost that many thousand dollars to win a diploma and a sentimental college background. The pros will give you, the spectator, an alma mater in thirty seconds for a price ranging from $1.10 to $3.70. As yet the colleges haven't cooked up anything to top that one.

THE END

# TRIAL BY BREAKFAST

## *Liberty's Short Short*

### BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS**

ANNE came down in a ruffly white house coat, every shining little curl in its place. The curtains of the breakfast room, stirring softly, let in salty breaths from the beach below.

“ Morning,” she said, lifting her cheek for Harold's kiss, her glance on the table arrangement.

“ I thought we were breakfasting at nine.”

“ Why didn't you go ahead, if you were hungry? ” She rang, and conversation was held up until the maid had left the room.

He finished his egg. “ What are we going to do today? ”

“ Shall we have in some people for cocktails this afternoon? ”

“ If you want them.”

“ You don't? ”

“ Not wild about it.”

“ You have to plan something or Sunday is awfully long.”

“ You wouldn't think so if you had to be in town all the week. I move we take sandwiches and go sailing.”

“ All right. Shall we ask Sam and Josie? ”

“ Sam always wants to run the whole show.”

“ But he has had more experience with boats than you have, Harold.”

“ That mean you don't feel safe with me? ”

“ Of course not, dear! I'll take something to read aloud in case we get becalmed. Last time that happened, you slept like the dead. I had to wake you up when the breeze came back.”

He smiled deeply at her. “ When I woke up, my head was in your lap and you were keeping the sun off my face with a magazine, so you had nothing to read. Were you agonizingly bored? ”

She bit back an answering smile. “ Oh, I wouldn't say that. But we weren't married then.”

“ If that is the way you feel, you stay home and I will ask Sam to go.” His hope of a protest plainly audible; but she took it up with enthusiasm.

“ Why don't you, dear! ”

“ Well,” sulkily, “ I think Josie has the extraordinary taste to want to be with her husband on Sunday. I might ask her to go too. Josie is grand fun.”

“ Do you think she really cares for sailing? ”

“ She's game for anything. And her curls seem to stay all right.”

“ Harold, how about tennis? ”

“ Too hot.”

“ It will be hot on the water, I can tell you. I will play golf with you, if you like. We can get Baxter and Louise—”

“ Hang it, Anne, I only have one day! I want to get on the water.”

“ All right, darling—suppose we do.” She was suddenly sweet and willing. “ Just the two of us. That will be nicer. Don't you think so? ”

“ Suits me. But I thought you—”

She interrupted brightly: “Roastbeef sandwiches? ”

“ Fine.”

“ Iced tea? ”

“ Beer.”

“ Beer? The last time we took beer—”

“ That wasn't the beer. It was something I had eaten the day before.”

“ I don't know. That other time—”

“ Anne, I wish you wouldn't keep a calendar of my health events! Every one gets upset once in a while. Leave my stomach to me! ”

“ Well, considering that I have to take the consequences and be up half the night with you—”

“ You needn't. I will die in gentlemanly quiet the next time. I say beer.”

---

*On the Air!*

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

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**TUNE IN!**

---

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

“ I am only caring about your good, Harold.”

“ I know, dear. I appreciate that.”

“ If you really did appreciate it, you wouldn't fight me at every turn.” Anne's voice quivered.

“ Now, sweetheart! ” He came around the table to kiss the top of her head. “ If I hadn't you to look after me, I'd be a dead coon. Cheer up—smile! ”

She lifted pathetic eyes. “ You will take iced tea? ”

“ Of course, darling. A little stick in it—? ”

“ Yes, plenty of stick. You are such a lamb, Harold! I don't know what I'd do if I were married to a man like Baxter. Louise has to see him eating the wrong things at every party they go to, and she can't say one word.”

Harold went thoughtfully back to his place. “ I wonder how Baxter manages that! ”

“ Harold! You mean you would rather have a rubber-stamp wife who—”

“ Oh, Anne, cut it out! We love each other, don't we? ”

“ I had supposed we—”

“ You know we do. Think of the fun we used to have when we were engaged. Nothing fussed us, everything we did was O.K. by the other. Why can't we be like that and—”

He stopped short, listening. A dignified step was on the stairs. Anne shot a glance of warning, and, springing up, they tiptoed out by way of the long glass doors, then ran until they were safe in the rosy shadow of the pergola. There they dropped down on a garden bench and gave way to wild laughter.

“ We did it,” Harold said, wiping his eyes. “ We gave it a fair trial.”

“ It was perfectly awful,” Anne said, between laughter and sobbing. “ Now we know. Harold, I wouldn't marry you for a million! ”

“ But, Anne, perhaps we didn't do it right,” he pleaded. “ We left out something.”

“ I can't think what! It was just like all the married couples that—”

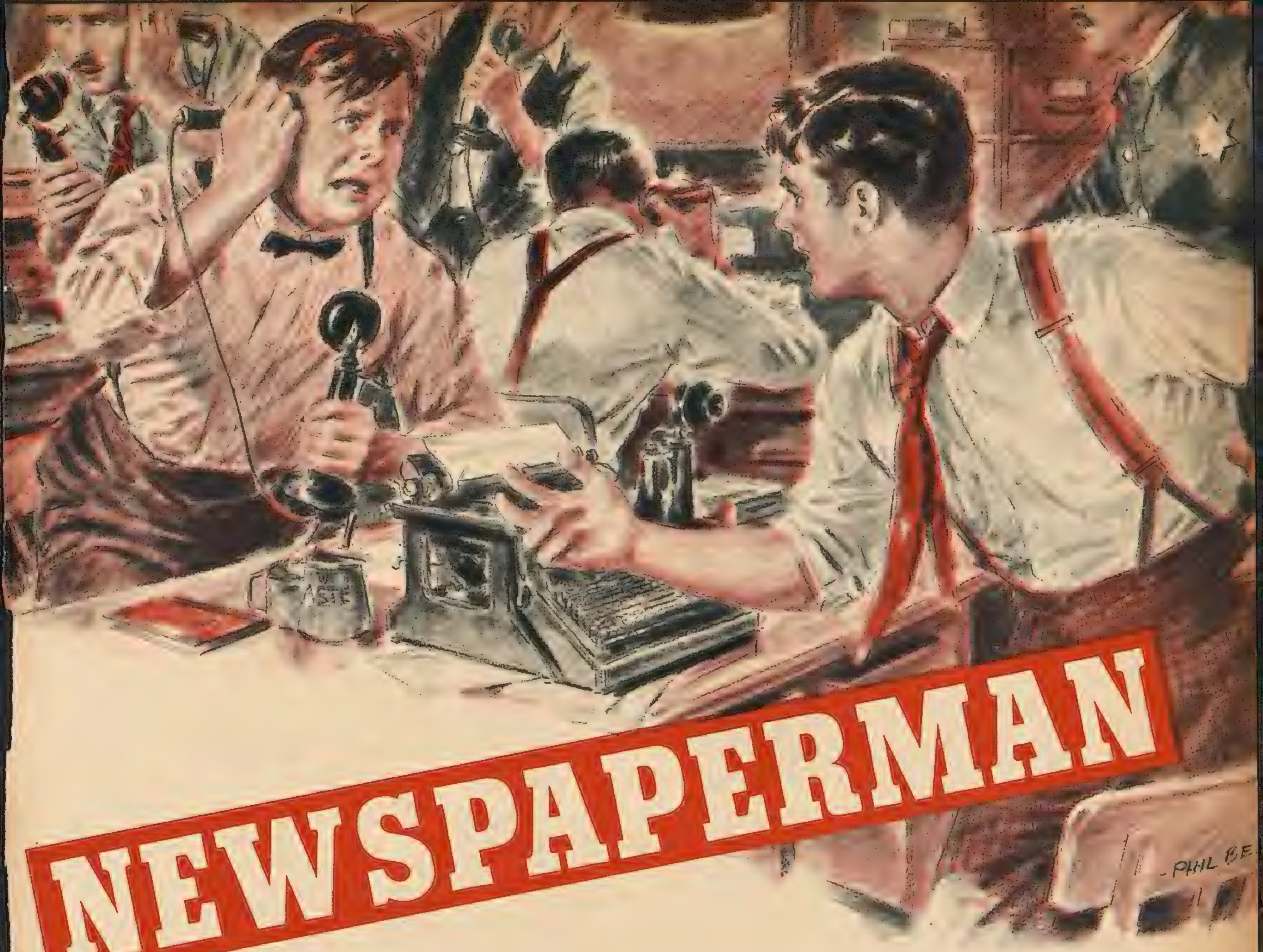
“ They only sound like that. And we will know better. After all, what we did just now was only a joke.” He took her into his arms and gave her a long kiss.

“ We wouldn't be like that, Harold! Oh, we wouldn't! ”

“ No, sweetheart. Shall we go and tell your mother? ”

Hand in hand, eyes shining as though they had had no horrible warning, they went back to the breakfast room.

THE END



# NEWSPAPERMAN

Fascinatingly, a writing Irishman tells his greatest story to date . . . his own

### BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

**READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS**

For most of his forty-nine years Ed Doherty has been writing the stories of other people. His own story he began in Liberty last week. At six he was a frail child in a flat in Chicago. His father, a policeman, built a house on the west edge of town in what was then open prairie. Fresh air and walking and running made the boy a husky scrapper. At thirteen he decided to be a priest and, kissing Marie good-by, left for a monastery in Wisconsin. Marie had been his sweetheart ever since he could remember; he had always meant to marry her some day. At fifteen he began to feel earnest doubts about his vocation, and a general of the monastic order encouraged him to go out into the world again. Back home, he went to a business college, worked for a while as a stenographer, and then became a copy boy for the City Press Association. This was the life! A City Press man, Ambrose Breece, coached him in writing "human-interest stuff."

## PART TWO—NEW HORIZONS . . . AND A GIRL

The men leaped back to the phones. "Call your office!" Ray Beckman bade me. "Tell 'em Horan's dead."

MY father was waiting for me at the East Chicago Avenue police station on the first day of my new job. Doubtless he was worried about me, for I'd been overlong talking to Breece. But, whatever his feelings were, he managed to hide them. He even affected surprise when I came into his office, panting a little from my long run.

"What kept you?" he asked. "Hilding Johnson's been in here half a dozen times asking where you were."

Hilding was the day police reporter for the City Press at that time. Later he was the star man of the Examiner. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur made him the lead in their first big collaboration, The Front Page.

Hilding was "out on a story," so my father took me about the station and introduced me to everybody.

"This is my son Eddie. My oldest. He's trying to be a newspaperman."

"So this is Young Butch." Bart Finn, the desk sergeant, smiled down at me from a great height and held out a big red hand. "You as good a man as your father?"

I shook my head.

"Well, if you're only half as good, you'll be all right. Your old man once licked six men in a barroom fight, and left 'em laying in the sawdust while he went down the street to call the wagon. And when he come back, them six were still there on the floor."

"Don't feed the kid that tripe," said my father, who was always uncomfortable when anybody said a good word about him. He went on to explain: "I'm not raising him to be a fighter. He's pretty good with his dukes, but don't encourage him."

Bart Finn gave me a cigar and I lit it.

"Well!" my father said. "When did you learn to smoke?"

"When I was twelve," I said.

"You swiped one of mine?"

"Yep. And it made me sick."

My father turned to Finn with a funny smile.

"You see," he said, "nobody fools me but my family."

After awhile he led me into his little office and filled my pockets with cigars. "If you must smoke," he said, "smoke good ones."

His manner changed abruptly.

"You think you're going to like being a newspaperman?"

"Boss, it's the greatest job in the world."

He might be "Butch" to the rest of Chicago; but to his children he was "the Boss." When we saw him coming down the street we'd run toward him. He'd lift us all into his arms and carry us up the front stairs. And then he'd sing out, "The Boss is home," and mother would kiss him, and answer in her quiet way, trying not to laugh, "I know that; I've been home all day."

WELL," my father said, "if you are bound to be a reporter, you've got to be the best. My old daddy was the best cobbler in the city. He made boots and shoes for hundreds of cops. They swore by him. He made a pair of boots for M. D. Wells that took first prize at the Chicago World's Fair. They were on exhibition for years afterwards."

He was inordinately proud of his father, whom I dimly remember as a nice old man with the smell of leather about him, a white-haired, rough-voiced, lusty man whose mouth was the breeding place of shoe pegs. They spawned there, appearing one by one between his lips, to be taken out and hammered into the sole of a shoe.

He was my father's greatest hero, I believe—as my father was mine.

"Yes," the Boss went on; "he was the best in his line. I'm doing my damnedest to be the best in mine. You've got to be the best in yours."

I was eager to be a reporter but not impatient. I had the most interesting job in the world, and everybody was my teacher, and all of them were kind and were patient.

I was sorry when Brown took me off that job and put me on the office switchboard. Not even the two-buck raise quite made up for the loss. I listened in on all reporters calling the desk or giving their stories to the rewrite men.

Joe Lavander, known as the San Domingo Kid, Joey McHugh, and George Deutschel were the rewrite men. They sat at little desks with earphones glued to their ears. All day long they pounded out stories, writing on waxed sheets. They wrote with two or three fingers, hitting the keys hard so that they bit deep into the waxy surface. Brown and his assistant at "the desk" edited the copy with a sharp-pointed stylus and marked the time on it. A copy boy rushed each sheet to the mimeograph machine, where copies were made for the newspapers and for the City Press files.

The rewrite men smoked and wrote continually, stopping now and then to bite into a greasy ham-and-egg sandwich or to sip a little coffee. Their food was brought in to them and left on their desks. They bought coffee by the quart. It came in cardboard cylinders. It was usually black and mined with sugar. They drank it all day long, hot, lukewarm, cold.

There was a typewriter on a little stand to the left of my chair at the switchboard, but I used it only to write the coroner's cases. Brown never let me take a story from any reporter and write it. I was too shy to ask this privilege.

Marie as she looked when growing up.

Every morning "Buddy" McHugh, Joe's brother, called up with the list of those who had died during the night by violence, "under suspicious circumstances," or "without medical assistance."

"Hello, Eddie, here's the stiffs."

Names and addresses followed, the cause of death, perhaps a few details, the disposition of the body. Or Buddy might say something like this:

"Unknown woman. A floater, Eddie. Found in the river. About twenty years old. White. No mark of any wedding ring, but the coroner says she was a little bit pregmunt. Body at the morgue."

I took notes in pencil, then turned to the typewriter and pounded the wax.

"Listen," Brown told me, on my first day at this job. "We don't say 'unknown woman' or 'unknown man,' because somebody knows her or him. And nobody dies with or without medical assistance. A doctor doesn't help anybody to die. If you have to use the phrase, make it 'died without medical attention.'"

If he saw in any of these coroner's cases the possibility of a story, he'd put a reporter on the job.

"Snowhook? Brown talking. There's an unidentified woman at the morgue. A floater. Pregnant. Young. See if you can identify her. Hop to it. I'll have Georgie Bryant keep an eye on your territory in the meantime. This may be a whale of a yarn, Johnny."

Gradually I began to love this job even better than running notes to the North Side. Listening in on all the reporters, studying their ways of telling a story, and later studying the methods used by each of the three rewrite men to bring out the values of the story—that was education supreme. And, I thought, besides getting an education, I've got a front seat at the greatest show on earth.

But I got over that feeling in my second week.

Brown was shouting into a phone: "Speak louder! Don't mumble! I can't hear a word you're saying."

Suddenly he looked at me.

"Doherty, you got that key open?"

"Sure."

He let the phone drop to the desk and came to the switchboard in three great strides.

"If you ever do that again— Don't you know that when you listen in, nobody else can hear clearly? What are you trying to do, anyway? You think this is a kindergarten?"

I got just as angry as he was. "How can I learn to be a reporter," I asked, "if I don't listen to them?"

In a moment he threw back his head and laughed. "Don't mind me," he said. "I'm always jumping off the handle. You'll learn. But keep that key closed hereafter. Geez, ever since you came here I've thought I was growing deaf."

AFTER that I kept the key closed. Yet I found that the education still went on.

"You'll be doing this some day," Joey McHugh told me later that day.

He stretched his arms out and opened and shut his hands to get the tiredness out of them. Joe was little and dark and pleasant, thin and always weary.

"Listen in on the sly whenever you can. I don't mind. I can hear all right. How can you learn the rewrite job if you don't listen in?"

He rubbed his ears, free for the first time that day from the phone pieces, and stirred his coffee.

"You got to know how to handle reporters when they call up. You got to make them get the dope you need. If they can't give you all the facts, send them back to get what you want. Crack the whip over 'em, Eddie. And don't take any sass. You're writing the story. You're responsible for it, see? You're the guy who puts it in the paper. Not them."

Joe finished his coffee, wiped the purple ink from his hands and face, and went out, stopping at the switchboard to say, "To hell with 'em all, Eddie. That's my motto."

It was on a Monday morning that I wrote my last coroner's cases for the City Press.

Buddy McHugh called. "Hello, Eddie. Here's the stiffs. Got your pencil ready?"

"Shoot, Buddy."

"O. K. Lucy Doherty. Three years old. Daughter of Lieutenant James E. Doherty of the East Chicago Avenue police station. Died in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Burns. Body home. Eddie, this little girl was getting up on a chair to light the gas in her home, 1425 North Central Park Avenue. The match fell on her little cotton dress. They put out the fire, but I guess the kid swallowed some of the flames. Coroner says her lungs is burned out."

"O. K., Buddy," I said. What else was there to say?

"That's all this morning."

Just one coroner's case. No bodies found in the river. No one shot or stabbed or poisoned during the night. Only my kid sister on the list.

I wrote the story and went home.

"Did you see the white bird, Gran?" I asked.

"I did that. It came in the night. I heard something tapping at the windowpane, and my heart fair froze within me. I took the covers off my head and looked. And there it was. And while I watched, another one came beside it and fluttered its wings. I covered up my head again and prayed."

My grandmother always slept with the windows down and the covers over her head. Perhaps this shortened her life. She was in her hundred and fifth year when she died.

"But why should we fear the white birds?" she asked. "Isn't it God Himself Who sends them?"

P. J. J. McCarthy and others with whom I worked in those years often remind me of this incident. They regard it as extraordinary that I should have written the story before I went home. It proved to them, they say, that I was a "true newspaperman." But I don't look at it that way. And there are many others who have done the same thing—among them Marty Casey of the New York American, who wrote the story of his daughter's death under the wheels of a truck before he left the office.

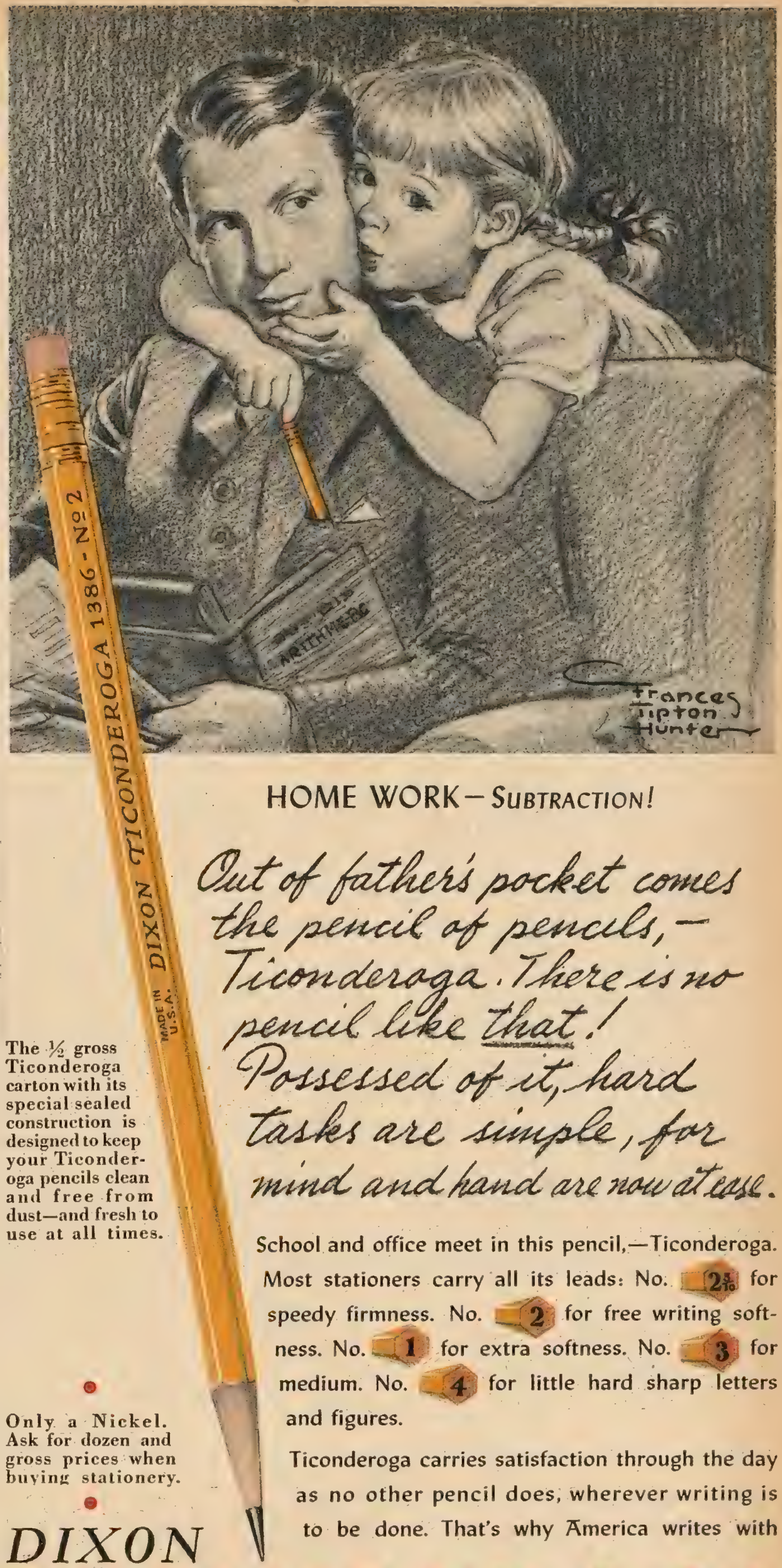
BROWN gave me a raise. Two dollars a week.

"You're a reporter now," he said. "You're covering northwest police, nights. You'll work under Harshman. The rest is up to you."

Thurman Harshman was a type I hadn't met before. He was cool where Brown was hot. He was calm where Brown was excited. Brown yelled, when a story was big enough. "Harsh" never raised his voice. Brown always demanded lengthy explanations. Harsh seldom asked a question.

Yet each, in his way, was a competent newspaperman.

Somebody showed me the ropes the first night, some one I can't remember. He introduced me to all the sergeants and lieutenants, and to the operators who kept track of the cops



HOME WORK—SUBTRACTION!

*Out of father's pocket comes the pencil of pencils,—Ticonderoga. There is no pencil like that! Possessed of it, hard tasks are simple, for mind and hand are now at ease.*

The ½ gross Ticonderoga carton with its special sealed construction is designed to keep your Ticonderoga pencils clean and free from dust—and fresh to use at all times.

School and office meet in this pencil,—Ticonderoga. Most stationers carry all its leads: No. 2½ for speedy firmness. No. 2 for free writing softness. No. 1 for extra softness. No. 3 for medium. No. 4 for little hard sharp letters and figures.

Only a Nickel. Ask for dozen and gross prices when buying stationery.

Ticonderoga carries satisfaction through the day as no other pencil does, wherever writing is to be done. That's why America writes with

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Pencil Sales Dept. 10-J9, Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

on the beat. He showed me where the "squeal book" was kept—the book in which the desk sergeant entered all complaints, accidents, all reports of crimes.

"There's never much doing on this beat," my tutor said. "But you never know when things will pop. It's an easy job. Just keep calling the stations every hour. Visit them every so often. Get acquainted with all the cops. They're swell guys. They'll tell you all the news. Give the desk sergeant or lieutenant a cigar now and then, or take him out and buy him a drink. It won't do you any harm. And keep in touch with the office all the time. Harsh has got to know where you are. Your expenses will run ten or twelve bucks a week, but you can pad it up to sixteen or more and get away with it. Say, you don't have a couple bucks on you, do you?"

I gave him a couple of bucks, and never saw him again.

"Northwest side police, nights," was too easy. It meant, usually, spending the evening in the West Chicago Avenue station, my headquarters, gabbing with the desk sergeant, watching the operator play solitaire, and listening to his voice now and then. "Muldoon and Ryan. Pulling from Box 138. All right, Muldoon and Ryan. No orders. Patten and Morehouse. Pulling from Box 146. The lieutenant wants to see you, Joe. Confidential. McGrath and O'Malley. Pulling from Box 120. Just nine o'clock. You guys are prompt tonight. Right on the dot. What's the matter? On the wagon?"

Every hour I called the other stations.

"Hello, sergeant. Doherty of the City Press. . . . Yeah, Young Butch. Any news? . . . Thanks, sergeant."

At eleven o'clock or so I took a trolley into the office and wrote what few stories I had garnered, then went back on the beat again until one o'clock in the morning—and sometimes later.

HARSH sent my first stories to my father with a note saying they were pretty good for a cub. And Brown got me out of bed the next morning on the phone.

"Why, you little whelp!" he shouted. "If I'd known you could write like that I'd have put you out on police long ago. What's the matter with you, holding out on me like that? You lazy?"

One Sunday night I was so thirsty for news I couldn't bear it. So I faked a yarn. One of the West Chicago Avenue policemen had brought in a lost boy. He was about six years old and he spoke nothing but Polish. He couldn't tell us his name. He couldn't give us any help. There was no story in him at all, but I made a story of him. I made him a little curly-headed chatterbox. I made him tell the police that he'd been at a party and had run away because all the girls tried to kiss him. I made him say that his mother called him "Little Chatterbox."

I wrote a few paragraphs, and found it on the front page of every morning paper. My story! Not a word changed by any newspaper. Not even a comma altered. Boy, was I good!

But my swelled head shrank considerably when I picked up the Chicago News that night on my way to work. There was a picture of "Little Chatterbox," and under it a story exposing my yarn as a filthy lie.

The Chicago American saved me. It, too, had a picture of the lost boy. The American reporter had called him "a Polish Chatterbox," and written half a column about him. He said he had interviewed him through an interpreter.

Harsh never said a word to me about that story. Neither did Brown. They didn't have to. I had learned that you can't fake and get away with it, and perhaps they realized that.

DURING my training period I covered the North Side, the West Side, the South Side, and the northwest side. After that Harsh let me cover the entire city from one o'clock in the morning until eight.

That was the easiest job of all. I sat in the press room in the Detective Bureau with the other reporters, working with them, getting stories by telephone, telling them to rewrite men. When they went home I stretched out on a table and went to sleep. The telephone operator was a good kid. She'd call me if anything broke. All during the morning hours she kept in touch with the police stations throughout the city. When she woke me at six she'd have a budget of news for me. I never saw her, I never sent her anything as a reward for her kindness, but I've never forgotten her nor the sweetness of her voice.

One night the fire alarm rang. Charley Carpenter got out his little book and began to leaf through the pages.

"That's a stockyards box!" John Kelley cried.

I sat up, listening. Everybody else grabbed a phone.

"Fire in the stockyards," they said. I aped them.

Carpenter began to call numbers out of his book. He had the names and telephone numbers of every all-night restaurant and drugstore in the city, and of nearly every doctor and fireman and cop, written down in it.

"Hello. This is Captain O'Malley of the Forty-first Precinct. What's that fire over your way? Can you see the blaze? Where is it exactly? . . . Thanks. Anybody hurt, do you know? Is it a big blaze?"

Other reporters were calling other numbers in the stockyards district; asking the same questions.

Presently the fire alarm rang again, hammer beating out a message with taps on gong.

"A two-eleven alarm. Signed by Horan," Johnny Bevans shouted, jiggling the hook on the phone.

I knew Horan was chief of the Fire Department, but I didn't know how he could sign his name.

"At the end of the message," Carpenter explained. "He taps it out—one, one, one. That's Horan."

Scarce had we finished telephoning our various desks when the alarm chattered again.

"A three-eleven. That's some fire. And listen. A call for ten engines!"

Then something happened that chilled every man in that room but me. They were absolutely numb for a minute, then full of action. They leaped back to the phones, sputtering, panting, some almost incoherent.

"Something's happened to Horan. Maybe he's dead."

"J-J-J-Joe? This is Kelley. S-s-s-send—send somebody down to the s-s-s-stockyards. Horan's killed!"

Were these men mad? I wondered. How did they know what had happened? How could they tell that Horan was dead?

"Call your office, you little fool!" Ray Beckman bade me. "Tell 'em Horan's dead."

"How do you know?"

"Didn't you hear that signature—one, one-two, one? That wasn't Horan. That was Seyferlich, Horan's chief assistant. He wouldn't dare sign that message if Horan were on the job. Go ahead now, call your office."

I called the office.

"Thanks," Harsh said. "I've got two men down there, but I haven't heard from them."

Within an hour we had learned that Horan and twenty-five of his men had been killed by a falling wall. Boys were crying the news on the Loop streets while some reporters were still on their way to the fire.

My father called up shortly before eight o'clock that morning. "You have a new baby brother," he said, "and your ma's tickled to death."

"That makes the score even," I said. "Five boys and five girls."

MARIE and her mother were at the house when I arrived. I kissed them both, and then stood away from Marie and took another look at her.

"Why!" I gasped. "You've grown up!"

Her face lighted and her dimples danced.

"Nearly eighteen," she said. "Two months to go."

And she was starting in a new job after the holidays. Private secretary to the general manager of a big Loop concern!

Marie and her mother stayed at our house that week, helping with the baby and doing most of the work. And on a Saturday night—or was it New Year's Eve?—Marie and I went to a party and stayed quite late.

It was after four when we started home. There were no streetcars running. I hadn't enough money to hire a cab. The house was miles away. But we were young and healthy, and we started to walk.

It was fun at first, bucking the bitter wind, wallowing through the snowdrifts, fighting the intense cold. But I was worried for Marie. I rubbed the Aladdin's lamp of my mind and demanded the appearance forthwith of an all-night restaurant. The slave of the lamp provided only a church. But it sufficed.

It was a big church with thick stone walls and wide groined windows set far back from the building line. I lifted Marie onto the ledge of the nearest window, clambered up after her, and brushed off some of the caked snow. It was snug there, nestling against the leaded stained-glass windows, away from the wind. I opened my coat and drew Marie close to me and buttoned the coat around her. And so we kept each other warm.

We talked and laughed and kissed each other now and then, and listened to the howl of the wind, and watched the snow fly, and looked out and up at the frosty little stars; and had no idea it was anywhere near time for Mass until the windowpane behind us burst into glory, and a great bell began to toll.

"Oh, let's not go," Marie said. "This is Eden we are leaving. Smell the flowers, Eddie. Look at all the trees. The sun is shining. Oh, Eddie, it's so sweet in this little garden! I've never been so happy in my life!"

But the bell kept calling us. She held up her lips for one last kiss. I unbundled her from my coat and helped her down into the snow.

And as I looked at her, kneeling beside me in a rear pew, I thought that holy candles were shining in her blue eyes.

*Memories of murders and bombings "covered" in Chicago's Little Italy, of a chase after stick-up men and the whizzing of their bullets, of promotion "off police," of T. R.'s Bull Moose acceptance speech, will high-light next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's own story!*

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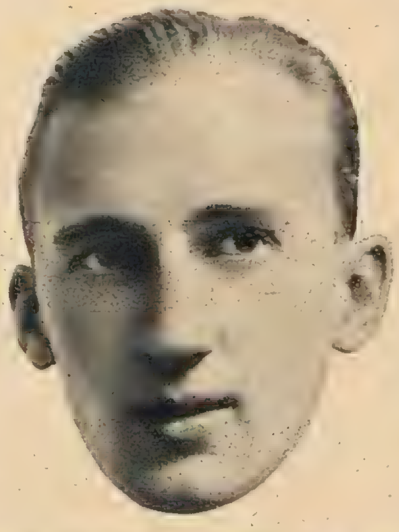
# 20 QUESTIONS



1—His dancing feet and his partnership with a dancing wife won fame for this young Englishman who started his career as a comedian. A recent motion picture told the story of his life and its tragic end. Whose photograph is this?

2—What part of a fish is the caudal fin?

3—Who is the patron saint of automobilists, bicyclists, and other travelers?

4—For how long has the airplane been a part of United States army equipment?

5—When we say "It's the humidity," just what do we mean?

6—To what part of the world is the name Oceania applied?

7—Who holds the world's speed record for motorboats?

8—What is another name for fur advertised as coney and lapin?

9—Who is commonly called "Sparks" on shipboard?

10—What book has been translated into a thousand languages and dialects?

11—If you were hired for 30 days at the rate of 1 cent for the first day, with each day's pay doubled the following day, how much would you receive at the end of the period?

12—What two Presidents of the United States died on the same day?

13—Is the Sealyham terrier a native of Scotland, Ireland, England, or Wales?

14—What mythological creature was depicted as part man and part horse?

15—Who is at work on his first talking picture although he has been a comedian in the movies for twenty-six years?

16—In what political movement were the following women leaders: Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Doris Stevens?

17—Why would your weight be less on the planet Mars than on the earth?

18—With what nation are these phrases associated: "A place in the sun," and "living space"?

19—Why is soda used with sour milk in baking?

20—Who made Hannibal, Missouri, famous as his boyhood home?

*(Answers will be found on page 50)*

How a DRY whiskey "makes sense"

1 **Sense of Hearing:** Keep your ear to the ground. Listen to what people are saying about whiskies. "I don't like a sweet drink." "I like a drink that's *dry*." "I'll take *Paul Jones*."

2 **Sense of Sight:** Keep your eyes open. See how often you see the Paul Jones bottle—at the better bars . . . in clubs . . . fine homes. Watch the smile of satisfaction that follows a drink of this really *dry* whiskey.

3 **Sense of Touch:** Do as whiskey experts do . . . pour a drop of Paul Jones into a jigger and rub it around the glass with your finger. *Feel* the smooth film, the *richness* that tells you Paul Jones is full-bodied . . . *all whiskey*.

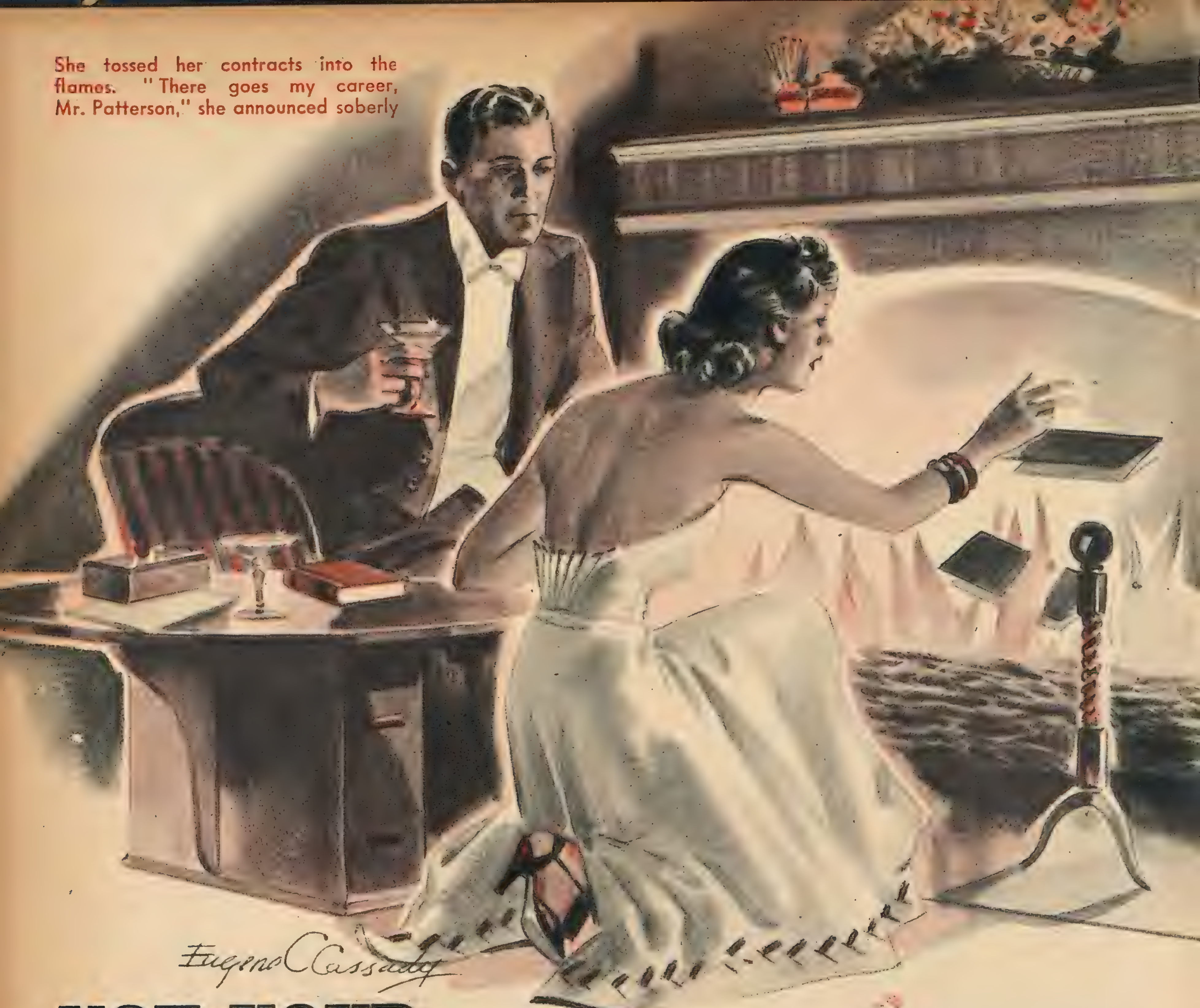
4 **Sense of Smell:** Inhale the subtle bouquet of *dry* Paul Jones. Breathe it in slowly and deeply to get the full depth and balance of its fragrance. Did you ever meet such grand whiskey aroma?

5 **Sense of Taste:** Now *taste* Paul Jones' *dryness!* Mark that keen, brisk tang . . . that utter lack of sweetness. Note how the *dryness* points up the flavor . . . gives *zest* to the drink . . . whether cocktail, highball or straight. Try Paul Jones today, and see if you don't agree that *dry* whiskey "makes sense."

6 Paul Jones
IT'S DRY*

*every drop is whiskey!*

*DRY means not sweet
*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*



She tossed her contracts into the flames. "There goes my career, Mr. Patterson," she announced soberly

# NOT YOUR DARLING

**READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 41 SECONDS**

MALCOLM PATTERSON, arriving in Hollywood a total stranger one day, and lacking previous experience in the motion-picture industry, had a position next day in the employ of Major Pictures Corporation. He merely presented to Martin J. Madigan, president, a letter of introduction from the president of a New York bank to which Major Pictures was indebted to a degree not wholly orthodox:

> This will introduce my young friend Malcolm Patterson, aged twenty-two and just out of a great university with all his bright ideals intact. He desires to reform the motion-picture industry. Since he is of New England ancestry, I feel sure he will have no difficulty in managing on fifty a week.

Martin J. Madigan realized this was an order to put young Mr. Patterson to work, so he made him an assistant to an assistant director. This was in 1926. In 1927 the assistant director became a director and young Patterson moved up a notch. In 1928 the director made two flops and his contract was not renewed. Promptly Malcolm Patterson applied for a directorship and the banker telegraphed a request that Patterson's application be given sympathetic consideration. So Madigan assigned the ambitious one a so-called Western story to do, and limited him to a production cost of sixty thousand dollars. It was a horse opera and could have been shot in southern California; but Patterson decided to have wonderful outdoor shots, so he took his company up to Wyoming, where he threw the horse-opera story away and supplied one of his own that called for the hire of five hundred Indians in war paint and ponies, which item alone cost ten thousand dollars. He was crafty enough, however, to spend this money before taking the studio into his confidence; consequently he was permitted to complete the production. Whereupon Martin J. Madigan fired him without even looking at the picture. He wrote the banker that young Patterson was a Bolshevist, that he wouldn't obey orders and would never be an organization man.

Thereupon the picture proceeded to gross earnings something in excess of two million dollars, and Malcolm Patterson was invited back. Then the

## Star-maker meets girl! A gay, surprising story of hearts and careers in Hollywood

### BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE CASSADY

talkies came, and presently Malcolm Patterson became a producer-director, with a free hand.

About this time, also, Malcolm Patterson began to have a reputation in cinema circles as a personage. He was different. He did not mingle in movie society, nor did he entertain movie people. On the set he never permitted his people to address him save as Mr. Patterson; nor did he ever address them save formally as Miss, Mrs., or Mr.

He became known as High-Hat Patterson. An extra girl pinned that on him. She asked him for a small part, and was informed that only people of talent could work in his pictures, that he never used amateurs. Then one day he engaged an amateur—wherefore we have a story.

He had started over to Stage Five to see how the carpenters were getting along with the erection of his sets, and in the alley between Stages Four and Five he observed a girl coming toward him. As he moved over to give her room to pass, she changed direction and bumped into him.

"So sorry," she said in a muffled voice. "Didn't see you."

He saw that she was weeping and his sympathy was stirred. "Has somebody around here been cruel to you?" he demanded. She tried to smile and shook her head vigorously.

"Not exactly," she said. "I was told at Central Casting Bureau to report to Mr. McFee on his set this morning; but I arrived late and he had engaged another girl."

He frowned. He had no sympathy for dilatory people.

"Why were you late?" he demanded.

"I live over beyond Pico Boulevard and I walked—and my right heel blistered, and I got tired and had to rest en route. And I'm crying because—because—oh, well, because of everything!"

"Well, I can't cure everything but I might be able to supply a job as extra. I'm starting to shoot the day after tomorrow."

She brightened. "And you are—"

"Malcolm Patterson."

"Oh! The eccentric director," she blurted. "Why, you aren't at all eccentric. You're terribly nice!"

"I'm not. I'm terrible! Well, now, wait here until I pop in and see how my sets are coming along; then I'll rejoin you and we'll go over to the studio restaurant for breakfast and talk about you."

At the restaurant he ordered orange juice, ham and eggs, coffee, and hot cakes for her, but only a cup of coffee and a piece of coffeecake for himself. "You must be hungry after a very early breakfast and that five-mile walk," he suggested. "So you're an extra girl. Ever do a bit?"

"Not in pictures," she confessed, "but once, for a week, I played the part of a maid in a stock company in Buffalo. I was fired for inefficiency."

"So was I. What is your name?"

She said it was Jean Larney and he wrote it down in a little black book. "Any alias?" he queried cheerfully, and she answered: "My father used to call me Snicky—short for Snickelfritz."

"Orphan?" She nodded and he went on: "Isn't there some other industry in which you could make a living, Snicky? In this it's a feast or a famine, with more famine than feast."

"I know," the girl replied. "But then, if one has made up one's mind to rise to the top of the box like the big strawberries, and one has no influence with studio brass hats, one must start in the Central Casting Bureau and trust to luck."

He scrutinized her features for about a minute.

"I know I'm not beautiful," Snicky admitted, seeming to sense his estimate of her looks, "but then, neither am I repulsive."

"Charm and brains constitute a sounder asset than beauty, Snicky. I wish I knew whether or no you can act."

"I suppose somebody wondered if you could direct when he handed you your first script, and then went away and held his nose. Of course I can act."

"What education have you had?"

"I am a graduate of one of those select schools for girls, with two years at Radcliffe, before I had to leave to earn my living. I've had a continuous postgraduate course since then in the public libraries."

I THINK," said High-Hat Patterson thoughtfully, "that you are much too intelligent, humorous, brave, and self-esteemish to hide your light in the Central Casting Bureau. When my make-up man turns you over to my cameraman and he lights you up, folks will not be able to recognize you, Cinderella, because you will be very, very beautiful." He fished out of his pocket a fifty-dollar bill and handed it to her. "You are now set for a week, and I'll send you home in my car. I'll send it for you at seven thirty tomorrow morning. Be ready on the tick."

*"What?"*

"Please do not screech at me in the studio restaurant, Miss Larney. How do you know the waitress isn't a scandal collector for the radio commentators?"

"I was Snicky a moment ago."

"You were, but you're on the pay roll now, so you're Miss Larney and I'm Mr. Patterson, and not High-Hat or Pat or Mal. Got to maintain discipline," he added, waving a long forefinger at her.

She picked up the money. "Thank you very much, Caliph Harun-al-Rashid. When I read the Arabian Nights, the statement was made—that—you worked—nights."

"Don't you dare cry," he ordered. "I can't bear a crybaby."

Three days later High-Hat telephoned Martin J. Madigan and George Silsby an invitation to come to Projection Room Four at 6 P. M. to see a test of a new girl.

Three times the film was run, at Madigan's insistence. Then he asked ponderously: "George, what do *you* think?" He was prepared to think whatever George thought.

"I think," said George Silsby, "that Patterson has found a new star."

"All the tests you have seen are with Ronald Morey, who is to be the leading man in my next picture," Patterson explained. "They played actual scenes together. She's going to play the lead opposite him in my next picture and have equal billing and be

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Take—
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starred, and she's going to cost Major Pictures one thousand dollars per week—and no contract. Why? Because she's my find and under contract to me. Now I'll show you why I was attracted to her. Lights!"

The lights went out at his command and presently there was a flicker on the screen. "Hum-m-m." Madigan grunted. "An old-timer."

"D. W. Griffith's production of The Birth of a Nation," High-Hat informed them. "Starring a girl named Mae Marsh."

"Your new girl has the quality that made Mae Marsh unforgettable," George Silsby said when the old masterpiece had been run. "She has personality, which transcends beauty; she has that same sad, shy, twisted little smile that hints of gentleness and abnegation and quiet courage, the smile that pulls at the hearts of the customers."

"You have described her, George. You just *know* that girl has character; her sweetness is the sort that makes you want to kiss her reverently—that carries a man back down the years to his old innocent boyhood loves. Women, too, will adore her. . . . Well, let's get out of here. It's seven thirty."

He found Snicky sitting in the waiting room of his office suite patiently awaiting the verdict. High-Hat sat at his desk, got out his checkbook, and drew a check for one thousand dollars.

"It's for you," he assured her. "You are going under contract to me and this is your first week's salary in advance. It occurred to me you might want to do some shopping and move to quarters closer to the studio. I do not wish to have to worry about your absurd little feet."

SNICKY picked up the check. "What," she inquired in a voice scarcely audible, "am I to do for this?"

"You're to play the lead opposite Ronald Morey in the picture I started a few days ago. Morey has an ulcerated tooth, so until his jaw becomes normal I'm shooting around him. Report to the wardrobe mistress at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. She'll have the order for your costume and you'll be fitted. Then I'll turn you over to the hairdresser and the make-up man. You face the camera at eight thirty next Monday."

Snicky had to have a stage name. Martin J. Madigan insisted on that, so she said she would like to be known professionally as Belle Haven.

"When you announced your stage name to Mr. Madigan," High-Hat told her later, "the manner in which you pronounced it gave me the impression that Belle Haven is the name of a place, Miss Larney."

"It is, Mr. Patterson. Belle Haven was my mother's maiden name and my father named a place in New England after her, only he spelled it B-e-l—French for beautiful. Beautiful Haven. It's a fourteen-hundred-acre farm that went sterile fifty-odd years ago. It has a fifty-acre lake on it that swarms with pickerel and big-mouthed black bass; there are a couple of hundred acres of marshland where one can shoot woodcock and snipe and ducks, and the remainder of the tract is pasturage and orchard and second-growth woods where one can shoot partridge, pheasant, and deer. But you should see the house! It's an old Colonial farmhouse with green shutters, and it stands on a slope above a river, and you can look across to the distant Berkshires. Father bought it when he was in the money, and he and mother planned to remodel the house and lay out an old-fashioned garden. We lost it via the mortgage-foreclosure route. I'm going to buy it back, Mr. Patterson. I feel certain I can get it for about twenty thousand dollars. Will it take me very long to earn that much?"

"Not more than a year, I think, if you're thrifty. Well, the publicity department will start blasting tomorrow. You're swell copy—extra girl today, star tomorrow. Come with me, now. You have an appointment with the still cameraman, and I'm going to boss that job too."

MARTIN J. MADIGAN gave Snicky's first picture a gala première at the Egyptian Theater. Although nobody had asked him to, High-Hat had broken a custom of long standing and accompanied her. To his great embarrassment and disgust, he had to appear on the stage with the new star, following the showing of the picture, and make a brief speech. Then he suffered three hours at the party Madigan gave Snicky in Cocoanut Grove, and finally, at 1 A. M., he handed her into his car and directed his chauffeur to drive them to Snicky's modest little furnished house.

"I'll come in," he announced upon their arrival. "I have some business matters to discuss with you, and I'm going away in the morning for a long rest."

"You do need a vacation," Snicky agreed.

"I'm thirty-four years old, and from now until they tuck me away with my New England ancestors my life will be entirely vacation. My contract has expired and I'm going to retire."

In her little drawing room High-Hat handed her two blue-backed documents. "Here is your new contract with Major Pictures, my dear. It's in duplicate and already signed by the president and secretary of the company. If you will sign now, I'll be your witness. It's a fair contract. I worked it out with Madigan—fifteen hundred a week to start, with options—six pictures."

"How kind of you to do this, Mr. Patterson, while you still possessed the power!" Snicky's voice lacked enthusiasm or happiness.

"You save your money," he advised sternly, "and keep out of movie society, unless you want to bankrupt yourself competing for a mess of pottage. Remember, Snicky, there is no human being quite so pitiable as a former star reduced to the extra ranks."

"Yes, that is true," Snicky agreed. "By the way, there was a bit of gossip about you in the movie section of the Herald last night. Did you read it?"

"No. What was it?"

"Something to the effect that you would shortly marry a glamorous young person of the screen. No name, of course."

"I am not going to be married and am not even thinking of proposing to any woman, and particularly to a motion-picture star, Snicky. I've been twelve years in the picture business out here, and of the hundreds of movie marriages of which I have read I cannot recall twelve that have jelled that long. It seems to me about eighty per cent of them flop within two years."

"I see, Mr. Patterson. You're too cautious to risk unhappiness."

"That is a grave risk to take, is it not? I think, however, I'm cautious because I'm one of those old-fashioned men who regard marriage as something very solemn and holy. There has never been a divorce in the Patterson clan. That may be because we're a bit on the hardheaded side and do not confuse infatuation with love. . . . Well, at any rate, should I ever pledge my troth, it will be without a mental reservation to the effect that if the production is a flop I do not have to pick up the lady's option."

I FEAR," said Snicky, "that you're a trifle high-hat, after all, with your no-trust-no-bust philosophy."

"I think being married to a career woman would be a bust for me, Snicky. The woman I marry must not only be willing but eager to make a career of marriage. High-Hat Patterson and his children must get the first breaks and the world can have what's left."

"I'm sure," said Snicky, "that the sort of man you are has a right to expect that. But what are you going to do if she wears a padded kimono and spills face powder on her dresser and always has a severe headache when you wish to have an old friend in to dinner?"

"But I'll not marry a woman like that."

"How do you know? You'll not be able to discover much about her until she has the ball and chain on you. Women are very artful, Mr. Patterson."

"I suppose that's right," he agreed gloomily. "Apparently no man marries the woman he thinks he has married. Ahem-m-m! Hum-m-m! Now then, by the way, Miss Larney, your salary is not subject to an agent's commission of ten per cent and as long as you remain with Major Pictures it will not be necessary for you to have any entangling alliances with an agent or manager. Whenever you are in doubt whether to accept or reject a new contract send it on to me and I'll advise you."

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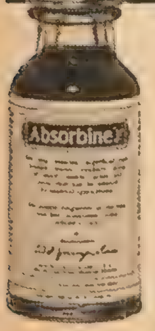

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Here Mr. Patterson paused, and Snicky marked the rapidity with which his Adam's apple flew up and down like an express elevator. "My address," he finally managed to tell her, "will be Bel Haven."

"*What?*"

"You needn't screech at me, Miss Larney. You know the post-office address of anybody who lives at Bel Haven, because you used to live there yourself. As a small boy I spent nearly all my vacations with an aunt who has a farm in that neighborhood. I've poached on the Bel Haven property a hundred times. I used to promise myself that when I got to be a man and could afford it I'd buy Bel Haven and live there happily ever after. In those days it used to be known as the old Winship Farm. One day my aunt telegraphed me it was up for sale at public auction by the sheriff to satisfy a judgment secured on mortgage, so I bought it. When you spoke about Bel Haven and described the property, I wrote my aunt, and she informed me it had been owned by one Roger Larney and that he had called it Bel Haven."

Said Snicky in a very small voice: "Very few men make their boyhood dreams come true. You are a very fortunate man, Mr. Patterson."

"I feel like the devil about it now, because I do not want to sell Bel Haven, and yet your heart yearns to own it some day." He turned and looked down at her. "You wouldn't want the entire acreage, would you, Snicky? I bought it very cheap. . . . I'd gladly give you the old farmhouse and about thirty acres fronting on the river. That has some woods on it and the old apple orchard."

YOU are very kind, Mr. Patterson, but I wouldn't think of permitting my desire for possession to disturb your happiness. You've had twelve years of life out here. Now you're going home to a bit of living."

"I'm not particularly in love with the old Colonial farmhouse," he protested. "I think I want to build—on a knoll—a mile upriver—"

"I wouldn't care to go back to Bel Haven now," Snicky interrupted firmly. "I'm sure I wouldn't like your wife and I know your nasty little boys would steal my apples. And I'll probably stay in the movies until I develop into a character woman."

He walked to the window and stood gazing down on the lights of Hollywood—the little world he had conquered. Snicky came and stood beside him and gazed down on the world she had taken on in combat that night. . . . She wondered if it would defeat her, or would she, like Malcolm Patterson, manage in a decade to save enough for a quiet, independent old age. "I gave my autograph to three hundred and twenty-nine fiends last night," she murmured. "I counted the boobs."

"They never ask for my autograph, Snicky. My photograph has never been published; publicity has never been my portion; and so I am, praise be, a non-celebrity. However, you will, in all probability, develop a secret affection for all autograph hounds. Most movie stars do. There's something about autographing that appeals to the ego."

"It is very difficult," said Snicky, abruptly changing the topic of conversation, "for me to thank you adequately for my career so amazingly, so brilliantly started. Why have you been so kind to me, Mr. Patterson?"

"I wasn't kind," he protested. "You were a tool that fell to my hand—a tool I could use. So I picked you up."

"Oh!" said Snicky. "So that was it?"

"Of course I achieved considerable happiness by making you happy," he hastened to interject. "The only real happiness is vicarious."

"I suppose so. By the way, I knew you were going to bring me home tonight, so I prepared for it. I have a pint of very old vintage champagne in the refrigerator. . . . I thought we might, all alone, drink to ourselves and our—careers."

WHEN she brought out the wine and two chilled glasses he opened the bottle and poured. Snicky held up her glass: "To you, my good, kind, understanding friend," she said, "and to your career as a country gentleman. To you, High-Hat Patterson, and may you never have too much of peace and privacy!"

"Thank you, Snicky. To you, God bless you, and may your career prove to be all that your heart desires."

"I hope it will be." She set her glass down, picked up her contracts in duplicate, walked to the fireplace and tossed them into the flames. "There goes my movie career, Mr. Patterson," she announced soberly.

"You mean—you're chucking the movies—just when you've soared over the horizon like a comet?"

"I'm chucking it, Mr. Patterson. It carries too high a price tag for me."

High-Hat Patterson set his half-empty glass down on the coffee table. In two strides he was beside her, his hands on her shoulders. "If I thought you really meant that, darling—" he began, and stopped.

"You would never have been a good actor, my dear," she chided him. "You'd always have trouble with your lines. Yes, I'm out of the movies and am now prepared to listen to any suggestion you may have as to a career to replace the one I've just tossed away."

"Darling, if you think you could train my children in the good old-fashioned virtues—to avoid stealing apples, for instance—I'd suggest that you marry me."

"I have not," Snicky reminded him, "heard you say anything about love as yet."

"Oh, yes, yes. I forgot about that. Yes, I love you, Snicky. I'm completely nuts about you. In fact, I went off the deep end for you—although

I didn't realize it at the time—that day I met you weeping in the alley between Stages Four and Five."

"This," said Snicky, "is most interesting. Why did you not mention it to me before?"

"I didn't want to appear selfish—to hinder your career—and I'm cagey. I'd made a plan before I met you. I—I imagine I'm not very romantic, am I?"

"Not very, thank heaven. But you're solid. I believe a girl could tie up to you and never go adrift."

"Did you—suspect I was in love with you, Snicky?"

"Not being a complete fool, I not only suspected it but was certain of it. So was everybody else on the lot. When you started breaking precedents, it was an event, my sweet. When you broke them several times, people started talking about you—putting two and two together and, of course, arriving at four. You addressed me a dozen times on the set as 'Snicky,' four times as 'Snicky dear,' once as 'Snicky darling.' That would have passed unnoticed from any other director, but not from High-Hat Patterson. And you engaged an extra girl to play the lead in your picture. That was terrible — precedent-smashing with a vengeance—because everybody knew you couldn't bear amateurs. But when you invited yourself to attend my première—you who loathe the bunk and flubdub and vulgarity of such shows—why, your number went up, my dear. We'll be in all the movie columns in the morning."

Do you love me?" he demanded fiercely.

"Of course I do, you great, stupid, lovable creature! I fell for you like a meteor the morning I met you and you sensed I was broke, that I had walked because I lacked bus fare, and that I was hungry because I lacked money for breakfast. . . . You put that bit of charity over magnificently . . . very few people of importance take time out to be kind to the unimportant. . . . I wanted to kiss you for it."

"Suppose I hadn't proposed?"

"You told me why you weren't going to propose to me before you did propose to me—which, as a matter of fact, you didn't. I did. You couldn't live ten minutes with a fool—and what a fool I'd have been if I hadn't nabbed you!"

"You must have been pretty sure of me," he complained.

"So sure, darling, that if you'll sit down and finish that champagne I'll show you some sketches I have made for re-designing that old farmhouse."

High-Hat Patterson drew Snicky to him and kissed her and held her close, and after a long time he said, with a ring of joy in his voice: "This is going to be a terrible blow to Martin J. Madigan—and the hell with him!"

"Quite so," Snicky agreed. "And no more autographs!"

THE END

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# To the Ladies

### BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

**READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS**

IT is always a rich gain to meet a first-class conversationalist. Two of the best I ever have known are Walter Duranty and Fulton Oursler. Now I've had the good fortune to become acquainted with a third. He's the young Irish-American, Collins Healy, who conducts distinguished courses in Gaelic at Columbia University and Fordham College.

He says the engaging quality of Irish speech is due to the fact that the Irish, same as Cherokee Indians, never quite close their mouths. . . . Irishmen are scientifically known, he says, to be cool lovers. "As loveless as an Irishman" is an old Scottish proverb. And statistics prove rape to be a crime rarer among the Irish than among most other races. . . . Song dearest to true Irish patriots, Collins Healy tells me, is Let Erin Remember the Days of Old. (But you don't know it!) . . . Favorite girls' names in Irish Gaelic are Mair (meaning Mary) and Sain (meaning Jane). . . . Irishwomen excel at philosophic sayings. They say: "Beauty doesn't boil the pot," "Don't let any man take the bit out of your mouth," "A blanket's the warmer when it's doubled." . . . Sometimes Professor Healy can't resist appearing before his Columbia classes in Gaelic kilts and green stockings. I enjoyed this old Irish toast as he rolled it off with a Roscommon lilt:

Health, and your share of the
 world to you.
Land without rent for you.
The love of your choice to
 you.
A child every year for you.
And a green grave in Ireland.

☆ Have you ever blamed your husband for your dreams? . . . At a week-end house party a young married couple, very affectionate as a rule, mystified the rest of us by their unexplained falling out. She wouldn't speak to him from Saturday till Monday. Refused to tell why, but we finally teased the truth out of her. She had *dreamed* she caught her husband philandering with another woman, and the drama was so realistic that she stayed mad at him for two days! Why had he kept her silly secret? Perhaps he felt flattered. I noticed that he neither ridiculed nor in any way discountenanced her shocking nightmare.

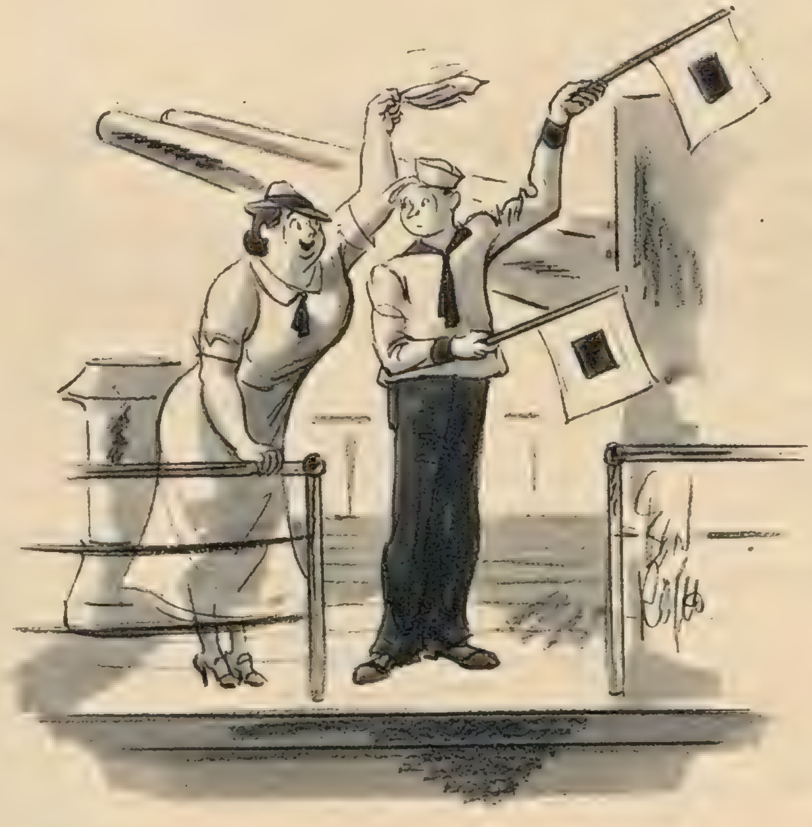
☆ Orchids can be exciting to read about, as well as to wear. For orchid wearers I recommend Norman MacDonald's true adventure book, The Orchid Hunters. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ It tickles us all to hear nice nasty stories involving superior people. Tickled me to hear this one from the college roommate of a young society millionaire who married a beautiful screen star soon after graduating. The roommate says: "He kept eleven life-size photographs of her face in his bedroom during our senior year. Every night at bedtime he used to kiss each picture passionately. But just before bedtime he had to take his cod-liver-oil emulsion, because he wasn't as husky as his father's doctor thought he ought to be. As a result, the big photographs of his heart's desire were always smeared sticky with cod-liver kisses. I didn't object until the pictures began to draw flies."

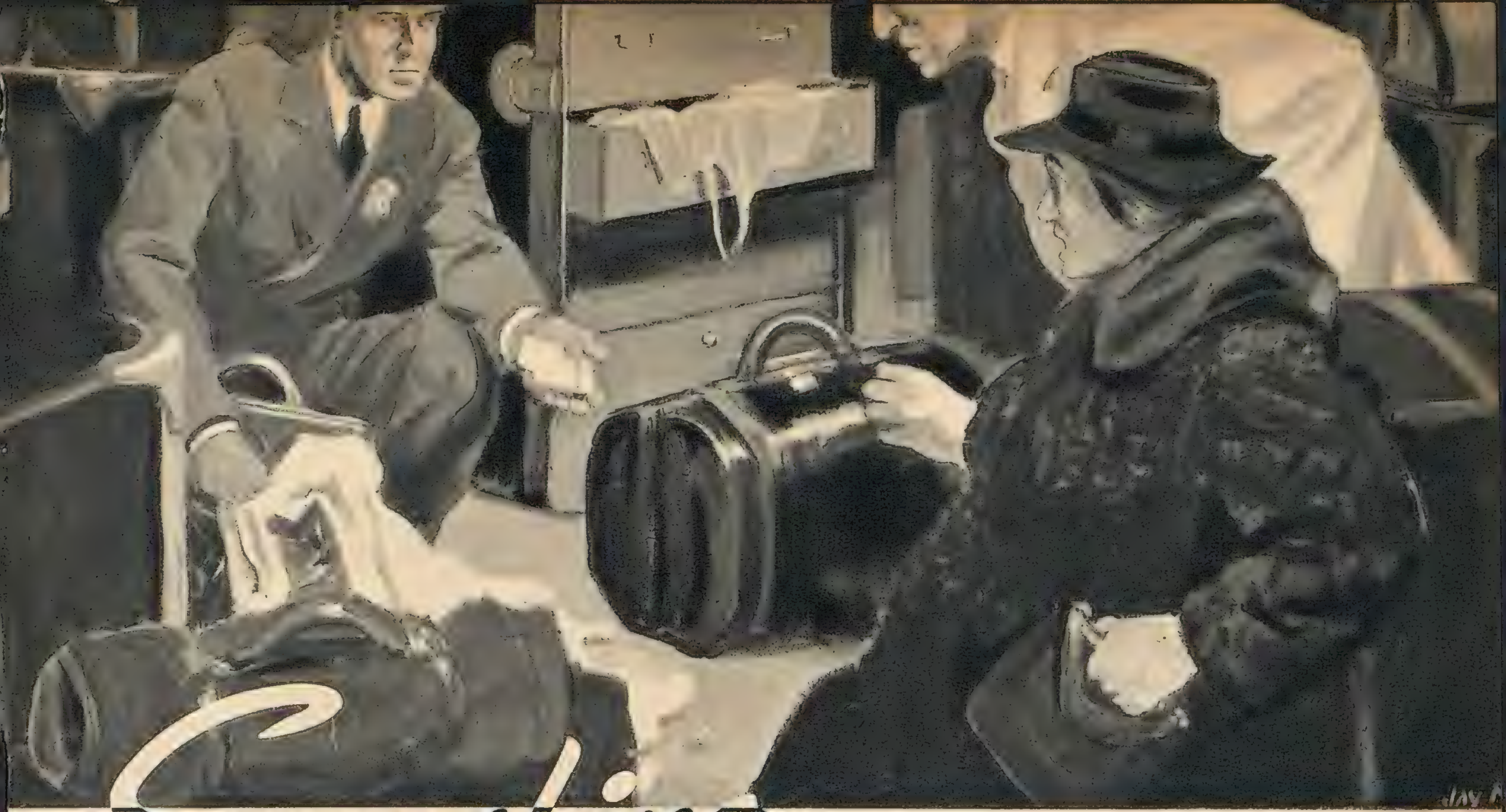
☆ Three inexpensive new gadgets worth shopping for: . . . Guest coat hangers with glove pockets attached, so you won't be obliged to send home any more forgotten gloves to absent-minded friends. . . . Triangular headkerchief of oiled silk to save your hair wave; good for rainy days around your garden or on the campus. . . . For correct choice of lips in a hurry, lipsticks with enameled bands showing the color on the outside.

☆ The surprise in this popular French recipe for *Country Veal Casserole* comes from the tastiness of the sauce. With a little white wine, domestic or imported, you can achieve it easily enough. . . . Have 3 pounds breast of veal cut in 2-inch pieces. Fry lightly in butter; sprinkle in 1 tablespoon flour; add 2 small chopped onions and ½ pound sliced mushrooms. Cook 15 minutes without permitting to brown. Place in fireproof casserole with salt, pepper, pinch of thyme, ½ clove garlic, 1 carrot sliced paper-thin, 1 cup water, 1 cup white wine, 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar. Cover and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. *Now* pour some of the hot gravy on 2 beaten egg yolks; stir well, and pour back into casserole. Toss contents of casserole together thoroughly before serving. Serve with pan-fried potatoes.

☆ Letter from Mrs. Maud Hill of Rapid City, South Dakota, discussing my recent mention of African drums. Wife of a mining engineer, Mrs. Hill lived long in the Congo; made a hobby of studying the talking drums. "It was only after years," she writes, "that I really understood my first message." To communicate by drum talk, she thinks, we would need to cultivate greater flexibility of wrist, finer feeling for rhythm, more simplicity of language. . . . All true, no doubt, yet for me the chief interest derived from Mrs. Hill's letter lies in its far-flung span of sympathies. It fascinates me to realize that in South Dakota a lady is thinking and *caring* about Congo drum talk.



"Do you mind if I help you wave your friends good-by, young man?"



"Oh, no?" said the customs inspector. "What's in these, I wonder?" He had picked up eleven small envelopes.

# Smashing THE DIAMOND RING

## A detective classic—The inside story of a $2,000,000 smuggler-gang and its downfall

by JOHN F. DAILEY, JR., and ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

**READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS**

Mr. Dailey, now Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, was recently head of the Criminal Division and chief assistant in the office of the United States Attorney, Southern District of New York.

BACK in 1935, the Customs Division of the Treasury Department at New York received a number of complaints from reputable wholesale jewelers in the metropolitan area that they were being undersold by certain other jewelers.

"We've cut our prices to the bone," were the words of one typical complainant, "and yet we can't meet the competition of these other fellows. They're selling below rock-bottom legitimate cost prices, so the only conclusion we can arrive at is that their merchandise must be smuggled."

Now, if there's one thing Uncle Sam doesn't relish, it's a diamond-smuggling case. When you consider that a fortune in diamonds can be concealed in a hatband or a package of cigarettes, and that during the tourist season hundreds of thousands of travelers from foreign ports come through the port of New York, you'll get an idea of the difficulty of locating smuggled gems.

The complainants pointed their fingers at a little group of wholesale jewelers who had offices in a building on Nassau Street in downtown Manhattan. These men had all been in business for a number of years, and had never been so much as suspected of being out of line in any way. But the complainants had learned that certain members of this little group, which met daily for lunch, and which maintained a large room for jointly displaying their wares to local and out-of-town buyers, had taken customers away from them by selling under the market.

One Mark Ginzburg seemed to be the head man of the group. That was established when a customs operative, posing as an out-of-town diamond buyer, dropped into the display room. Other dealers seemed to be in the habit of looking to either Ginzburg or his partner, Sam Diminstein, before closing a deal at a certain price.

The customs operative purchased a small diamond from Ginzburg. At first the dealer asked the regular wholesale price for the gem, but the sleuth beat him down and got the stone at a price that would positively have been a slight loss to Ginzburg—had the diamond dealer paid a rock-bottom legitimate price for it.

Almost at the very outset, then, it looked as if Ginzburg were implicated in the disposal of smuggled goods. But was he merely a purchaser, getting the stuff from some one else who was bringing it in—or were his operations on a larger scale than that?

His bank account was investigated, and it seemed to be all out of proportion to the amount of legitimate business he did. With that as a starter, his private life was looked into. An unusual family set-up was found behind him. His father-in-law, one Morris Lukin, a retired diamond polisher living in Brooklyn, had seven grown children—two sons and five daughters. Each daughter had married a diamond merchant. The two sons, Osias and Nat Lukin, were diamond merchants also.

The bank accounts of the other sons-in-law of the retired diamond polisher were looked up, and in three out of the four instances the legitimate business of the men in question didn't reach the proportions indicated by the bank deposits. Like Ginzburg, these three men—Sol Brandes, Sol Halper, and Leon Proujansky—had offices in the Nassau Street building. Lukin's sons, Osias and Nat, were found to have absented themselves from business for long periods of time. So were Ginzburg and Proujansky.

Gussie Firstenberg, back from Europe to answer the indictment against her, tries to hide her face from news cameras.

All this gave Uncle Sam certain ideas. So the State Department was asked to look up its passport records and ascertain if any members of this large group, closely connected by blood and marriage, had been in the habit of going to Europe. The word that came back galvanized everybody into action. The two sons and four of the five sons-in-law and one of the daughters of the old diamond polisher had for some time been making trips to Europe—and visiting Antwerp, the diamond center of the world.

Simultaneously we learned that one of the Lukin boys and Proujansky were in Europe now. Straightway a coded cablegram asked the American consul in Antwerp to get the help of the Belgian city's police in locating either of them or obtaining information about them.

Next day we got the reply that Proujansky was occupying an office in Antwerp, and that a man answering Lukin's description had sailed from France for New York on the Ile de France three days before.

Mr. Lukin, without his knowing it, was given a most thorough going over when he arrived—but the customs inspectors found no trace of any diamonds. Meanwhile, Gussie Firstenberg, one of old Lukin's five daughters, had gone to Europe on the Manhattan, passing her brother on the high seas, and in due time she showed up at the office of Proujansky, her brother-in-law, in Antwerp. Mrs. Firstenberg remained only two days, then took a ship for home. Her effects, like those of her brother, were given an eighteen-carat overhauling when she arrived. Again the same story—no diamonds.

Naturally, we were beginning to wonder just what this smuggling ring's modus operandi was! At the same time we were getting an idea of the magnitude of its operations. The bank statements of the suspected wholesale dealers in New York indicated, roughly, that upward of a million dollars' worth of smuggled goods had somehow been sneaked past customs in two years. We learned, too, that the suspects were cunning enough to maintain a front by importing large quantities of diamonds legitimately from Antwerp.

The surveillance continued for many months. During that time Ginzburg and certain other dealers made trips to Antwerp themselves, as did Gussie Firstenberg and the Lukin boys, but not once did so much as a single stone show up in their effects when they returned to New York. And you can't jail a person on suspicion.

Still the complaints continued to come in about underselling. Every so often an investigator would approach Ginzburg or one of the other dealers and succeed in buying a stone below legitimate rock bottom, just to make sure the smuggling was still going on. It wasn't feasible, however, to make any arrests on such evidence; there would be no way of proving in court, beyond reasonable doubt, that the stone had been smuggled in.

Eventually we learned from Antwerp that Proujansky usually received one or more cablegrams on days when certain liners docked in New York from France and England. The fact that many of these cables had been sent on dates when none of the "big family" had arrived from abroad led us to suspect that the actual carrying wasn't being done by its members but by persons they contacted in Europe.

And so we subpoenaed the records of the cable companies, and found some very interesting things indeed. Sometimes Proujansky had been sent as many as ten cables in a single day —messages such as: "Arrived O.K.," "Goods here," "All fine," and "Nice work." It was plain that they must refer to shipments of diamonds that had just come in.

The next move was to check the names and addresses of the senders of these cables. It was found that in every instance—and there had been scores of messages sent—a fictitious name and address had been given. Nor was it possible to get descriptions of the senders, for the communications had been sent from offices all over town, obviously with the intent of covering the trail.

Still, there remained the handwriting that had put down those phony names and addresses. In dealing with Ginzburg, Diminstein, Brandes, Halper, and other suspected wholesalers, the undercover men had obtained specimens of their handwriting on receipts for stones purchased. These were now compared with the handwriting on the cables, and experts from Washington pronounced Ginzburg *et al.* to be the penmen who had sent the messages to Antwerp!

And so now we had a pretty fair case—all except the evidence and the identity of the individuals bringing it in. We knew when some of the diamonds had come in, therefore examination of the passenger lists of certain liners was in order. Thousands of names were gone through—but again we found ourselves in a blind alley.

The Normandie came in one day. None of the family was aboard it. Yet the records of the cable companies that night indicated that Ginzburg and six other dealers had received diamonds that day. They had all been under surveillance at the time of the big liner's arrival. None of them had so much as gone near the pier. Yet they must somehow have received diamonds brought in on the Normandie, for they had sent Proujansky such messages as "Goods received," "Fine work," and so on.

The day after the Normandie arrived, a beaten-looking seedy little man had lunch with Ginzburg. He was spotted by Special Customs Agent Max Smassanow and William Finck, who know all of the investigative answers.

From their vantage point a few tables away, they saw him in earnest conversation with the wholesaler we suspected of being the master mind of the ring.

Every so often, one or the other would glance about as if fearing to be overheard.

After the meal Ginzburg returned

to his office, while his seedy acquaintance entered a subway and went up to the Bronx, Smassanow and Finck in the same car with him. They trailed him to an apartment house and learned that his name was Isaac Weinberg.

When this word reached Supervising Customs Agent John W. Roberts, a most alert and efficient officer, Mr. Roberts glanced through the list of passengers who had come in on the Normandie.

And there—among the third-class travelers—was the name of Isaac Weinberg !

Mr. Roberts' men spent a merry time looking up passport and arrival records for the next two days, and discovered, not exactly to their dismay, that Isaac Weinberg had gone to Europe several times during the previous six months!

This discovery let us see how cunning this smuggling ring's members were. Apparently they had picked as carriers individuals of types that wouldn't be suspected. Who would think of searching the cheap luggage of a frayed-at-the-cuffs third-class passenger for such valuable things as diamonds?

Isaac Weinberg, we learned, had been a house-to-house canvasser, selling household appliances and just about everything else that was portable, for a period of years. He had been well known in the neighborhood where Master Mind Ginzburg lived. The Ginzburgs had been customers of his until about the time the records showed that he had started going to Europe frequently.

WEINBERG was shadowed. It was our guess that, if he had got a profitable job as carrier, he had perhaps recommended friends for similar work.

That didn't turn out to be a bad guess. Smassanow and Finck made note of all individuals he contacted over a period of three weeks. Five of them proved immediately interesting—three women and two men. All, like Weinberg himself, were nondescripts and proved to have been frequent travelers to Europe, third class.

In the meantime, abroad, surveillance of Proujansky disclosed that in a luggage store not far from his Antwerp office he had purchased a valise with a false bottom—the kind that a customs man might easily overlook.

The authorities got a good description of the valise, which was secondhand and battered.

Almost simultaneously with Proujansky's purchase of it—this was in November, 1936—Ginzburg received a cablegram from him reading:

WOMAN NEEDED BIG CASE ACT QUICK REPLY

Ginzburg sent the following answer:

WIFE LEAVES MANHATTAN TOMORROW

And so Mrs. Pearl Weinberg, the wife of the former peddler, sailed on

Jean Parker, star of the Republic picture, "She Married a Cop", admires the beautifully designed . . .

. . . observation lounge of the "City of Denver". This Union Pacific-Chicago & North Western streamliner is . . .

. . . the "fastest long-distance train" in the world and has used Sinclair fuel and lubricants for more than a million miles of high-speed operation. Why don't you, too . . .

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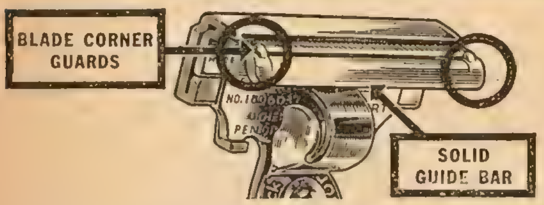
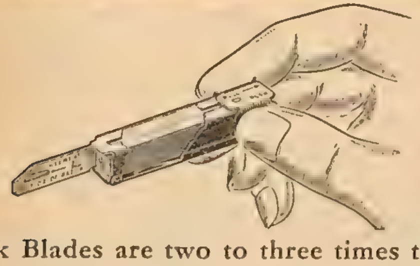


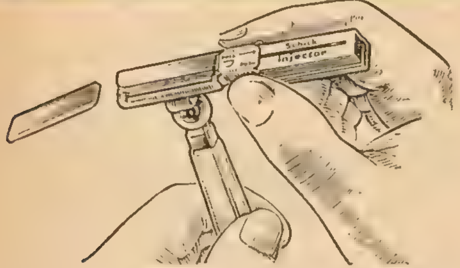
Nicks from sharp blade corners are prevented by metal guards at each end of Schick guide bar. Double-thick blade is held in perfect alignment. Solid guide bar s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s skin taut ahead of blade edge . . . brings whiskers up out of natural pits for clean, comfortable shave.

IS FAST BECOMING AMERICA'S



Schick Blades are two to three times thicker than "wafer" blades. Thicker steel permits us to give them a really thorough honing and stropping. Blades sealed in bath of oil in metal Injector with edges actually suspended in space.

MOST POPULAR RAZOR!



The Schick Injector Razor is the only razor that changes blades automatically! A pull and push on the Injector that contains blades shoots out old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to unwrap or take apart. Saves time!

THE "POPULARITY" KIT
only $1
SCHICK Injector RAZOR

Today the Schick Injector Razor has more than 3,000,000 enthusiastic owners. The result of this record demand is the "Popularity" Kit—containing the Schick Injector Razor and an Injector cartridge of 12 Schick Blades, packed in a trim pigskin-grain case.

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.
(*Same prices now prevail in Canada*)

the Manhattan the next day. Detectives traced her not to Antwerp but to London and to the Royal Palace Hotel. The day of her arrival in London, she went into a telegraph office and cabled to Proujansky that she had arrived and where she was. That night Antwerp observers saw a man leave Proujansky's office, carrying the battered valise. It changed hands twice right in Antwerp, and again before it left Belgium. The man who then carried it was lost by his shadows after arriving in England. It was a good thing the investigators knew to whom he must be taking it!

Mrs. Weinberg appeared with the valise the next day, and was trailed to the third-class cabins of the departing Normandie.

Supervising Agent Roberts and other customs authorities were waiting at the New York pier when the liner hove in sight on November 23. Weinberg was on the dock to meet his wife, and Ginzburg himself was there, but not with Weinberg. Apparently this was quite a shipment the woman was bringing in with her.

When her baggage was examined, she remained very calm. Ginzburg had obtained permission to go into the space where the examining was done, and he stood near her luggage, although he didn't openly recognize her.

When the Antwerp valise was opened, the customs inspector saw some soiled lingerie. "Only dirty laundry in there," said Mrs. Weinberg. But the inspector knew just where to look for the secret compartment. As he did so, Mrs. Weinberg screamed:

"Don't! Don't look in there!"

Ginzburg stepped forward. "What are you doing?" he demanded. "Trying to ruin the lady's luggage? She has nothing you're interested in!"

"Oh, no?" said the inspector. "What's in these, I wonder?"

HE HAD picked up eleven small envelopes. Mr. Roberts and the others came forward and took them. Each contained loose cut diamonds—to a total appraised later as having a European value of $286,346. It was by far the biggest gem seizure in United States customs history.

On the envelopes it was indicated where they were to go—to the wholesalers who had been under suspicion.

Mrs. Weinberg confessed immediately after hearing what was already known about her. She implicated her husband, Ginzburg, Proujansky, and several carriers.

In order to build up an airtight court case against the big shots, two keen financial sleuths—Harry Joyce, Internal Revenue agent, and George Benjamin, principal customs liquidator—who had already been on the job for some time, now drove through to the finish. Cable transfers of every bank in New York City were subpoenaed and examined for funds sent abroad by members of the ring. In most cases, to moneys sent in their own names there had been added funds sent in the names of their secretaries and bookkeepers and various associates, who had been dupes in the matter. In some instances fictitious names had been used in cabling money to Antwerp; here the handwriting on the original orders was compared with that of the smugglers, and found to be similar.

When these transfers abroad had been totaled as to each individual, they were compared with records at the Custom House showing the legitimate importation of diamonds for purposes of front. The difference furnished a correct index of the value of diamonds smuggled in for each wholesaler during each year.

As a double check, the vouchers and other records of all diamond brokers and other wholesalers who had done business with the smugglers were gone over. Thus it was found that the sales of the smugglers greatly exceeded their legitimate imports and, on the other hand, tallied with the amount of diamonds that they had actually purchased abroad, as shown by cabled money orders and canceled checks.

WHEN we were ready to go to bat with the case, we were prepared to prove that this group had smuggled in *well over two million dollars'* worth of gems over a period of years.

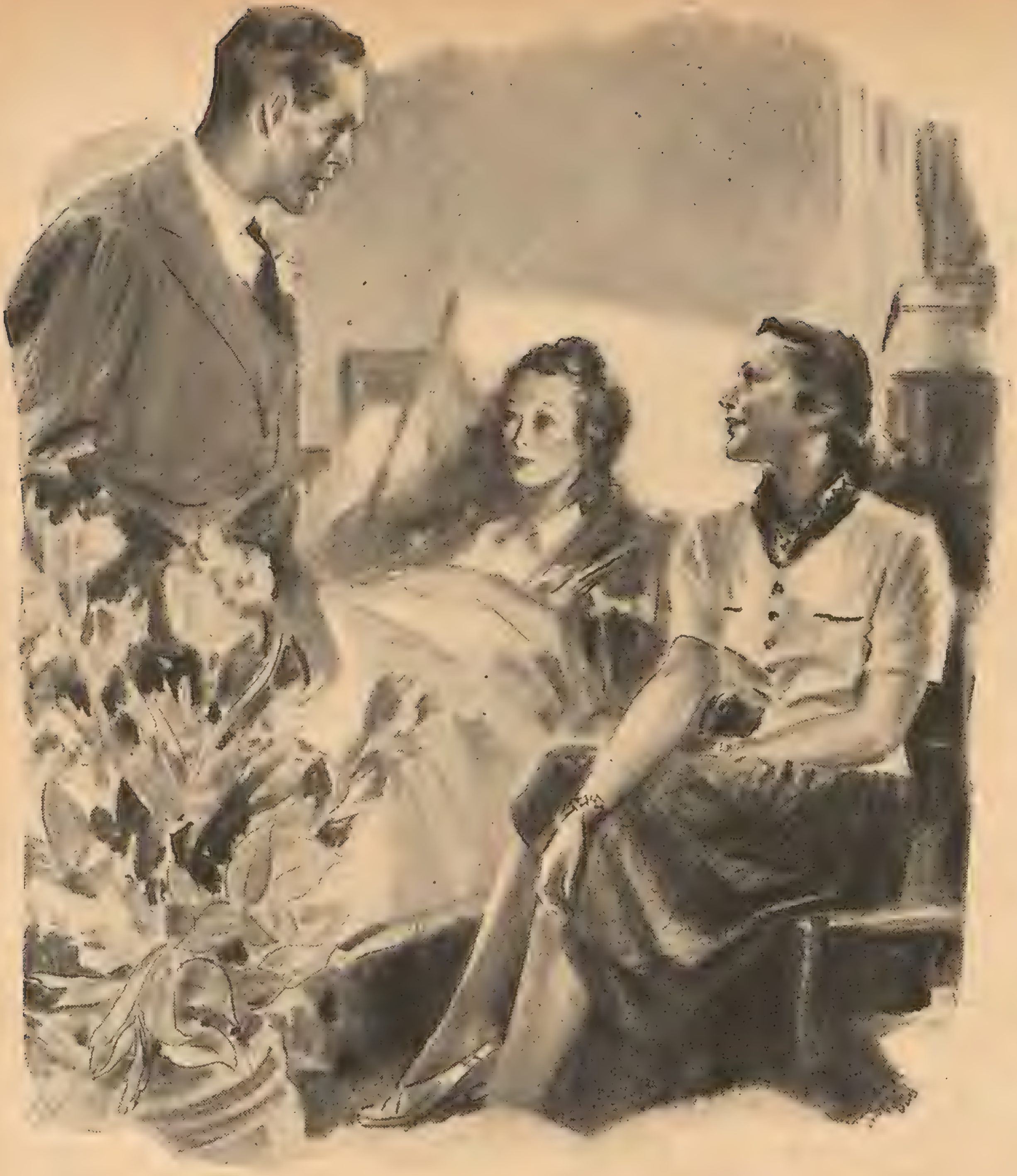
A total of fifty-five defendants, most of them carriers, were indicted. The ring comprised almost as many individuals in Europe as in this country. One person involved over there was a pretty American schoolteacher.

About a third of the carriers were women. They had jumped at the chance of free transportation to Europe and remuneration of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a trip just for bringing in a few envelopes and giving them to somebody on a street corner. The wholesalers to whom the gems were eventually delivered were often three or four times removed from the actual carrier. Ginzburg, with whom Weinberg lunched, had been an exception.

Twenty-nine of the thirty-one indicted individuals who lived in this country, most of them in the New York area, pleaded guilty to the charges against them in August, 1937, and received punishment ranging from heavy fines for carriers to penitentiary terms for Ginzburg and the big shots. Certain others facing indictments, who chose to remain in Belgium, where there is no extradition treaty covering this type of crime, reckoned without a certain weapon in the possession of Uncle Sam. What the government did to the smugglers in Belgium who were there on United States passports was to cancel their passports, so they must remain where they are or return to the United States.

Thus these people are today virtual prisoners in Belgium, for the minute they set foot beyond its borders, they will be either sent back or deported to this country.

THE END



She must have seen the bewilderment in my eyes, for she laughed. "No, I'm Mary Lou," she said. "Not she."

# MARY LOU'S *New Life*

## How a lovely girl who was doomed to die found hope . . and health

### BY ROBERT WAKE

**READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

WHAT is life that it should be prized? Or love that it should be envied?

Lying in her hospital cot, Mary Lou used to ask herself many such questions. But she could never find the right answers.

Mary Lou was young and lovely and intelligent; but she felt ugly and old and bitter and confused. Life and love were blurred in her vision. She saw them not through her eyes but through a pair of wasted lungs.

Mary Lou rated life no bargain at any price, and wondered why she wanted, at any price, to retain it. She wondered a lot about love. It seemed a priceless possession to those who didn't possess it. It might be nice to have—sometime before she died. But of what possible use could it be to her?

Mary Lou felt she was dying. And she didn't want to die. She was afraid of death. The thought of dying haunted her. She tried to overcome it, tried to learn resignation, but it was impossible. She was too young, too ambitious, too eager to live on.

It's so strange, so ironical, so horrible that I must die, she thought. I'm a graduate nurse. All these doctors, these great lung specialists, these nurses who wait so patiently and so constantly on me—all these people are my friends. They're giving me every bit of their time, their knowledge, their skill. Because I'm one of them. Because they want me to live.

She realized how valiantly they fought. But she realized, too, that every day she was a little weaker, a little thinner, a little nearer the end.

How death would laugh at her and her doctors!

Into this hospital she had come, a few years ago, to serve humanity, to learn to nurse the injured and the sick.

She had studied diligently. She had worked hard. She had won her cap at last. She had become a graduate nurse. She had helped snatch a handful of people from the talons of death. Now death would have the last laugh.

She hadn't been a nurse more than a few months when she contracted tuberculosis. And for two years she had stayed in this bleak white room, dying a little every day.

She had many visitors: Nurses who had been in her graduating class, doctors with whom she had worked; now and then a relative or a friend from that vague world of healthy people outside the hospital walls.

Mary Lou was entering her third year as a consumptive patient in the hospital when she heard of Loomis.

A relative brought her the news—a husky, tall, red-cheeked young man she hadn't seen in years. She thought he must have died, since he'd never written her. He'd had bad lungs too. All Mary Lou's people, it seems, had weak lungs. This young man had gone to some funny old sanatorium to die.

"I've been to Loomis," the young man said. "I was cured there. Why do you stick in this place? Why don't you go to Loomis?"

Mary Lou was offended.

"This place!" she said. "This is one of the finest hospitals in the world. It has the finest lab that money can buy. It has the best doctors. It has a big staff of lung specialists. It has everything."

"Sure. And you're so weak you can hardly raise your hands. What has it got you, this swell lab, these big docs? Are you half as good as you were when you first came in here?"

Loomis Sanatorium, a haven of hope among the green hills of the Catskills and (right) Mary Lou, who found health and happiness there.

"No. But I've got it bad. There's little they can do for me."

"Then why not try Loomis?"

"What is Loomis? A doctor, a patent medicine, or a farm in the mountains? I never heard of Loomis."

"It's a place up in the Catskills, about a hundred miles out of New York City. A mile or so from the town of Liberty, New York. It's a big sanatorium, high up on a hill, with seven hundred acres of ground around it, the most wonderful fresh air in the world. You never heard of the Loomis Sanatorium? It was the most famous place in the United States some years ago. But the docs up there didn't believe in advertising. The docs in other sanatoriums got all the publicity they could—and put Loomis out of the running. Macfadden has it now. Bernarr Macfadden. Don't say you never heard of him!"

Mary Lou laughed.

"Sure I've heard of Bernarr Macfadden and his ideas of diet and exercise and health. And you want me to go to his tacky little hut on a hill in New York and live on cracked wheat and raisins and vegetables and nuts?"

"You've been reading propaganda," Mary Lou's visitor said. "But you'll find out. I'm taking you away from here. I'm taking you to Loomis whether you like it or not."

Mary Lou looked at him a long time, saying nothing, then shook her head. Despite all she could do to prevent it, she began to cry.

"You're sweet," she said. "But it's no use. I can't leave my friends and go to strangers. Anyway, I couldn't stand the trip up there. I'd die on the way."

"We'll take you to the train in an ambulance. We'll put you in a lower berth. When we get to New York I'll hire a car and fix you up with a couple of hundred pillows so you'll ride easy. It's only a few hours' drive, once we get to New York."

Mary Lou couldn't stop crying.

"You know I'm dying here," she said, "and you don't want me to die here. You want me to die on a train, where I can look out the windows and see things, or up there on a hill, where I can see trees and fields. Can you see trees and fields from Loomis?"

"Miles and miles and miles of them. And you can see hills that turn all sorts of colors when the sun goes down. The greenest green hills in spring, and the whitest you ever saw in winter. And you won't die on the train. And you won't die at Loomis. I'll guarantee it."

I heard the story of Mary Lou some weeks after she had been brought to Loomis, and I went up to talk to her.

"You have a graduate nurse here, a patient who came from a hospital in West Virginia," I said. "May I see her?"

Dr. J. H. Moore, physician in charge of the sanatorium, hesitated for a moment.

"We have a number of new patients here," he said, "from various states. We have several nurses among these patients, and one woman doctor. But I imagine the nurse you want to see is Miss Mary Lou—"

"That's the name. If I won't disturb her—"

The doctor laughed at me.

"No, you won't disturb her. She's out now, taking a little walk. Will you wait for her?"

"But I was told she was dying when she came here. Now she's out taking a walk?"

"Oh," the doctor said, "she was pretty weak when she arrived, but I wouldn't say she was dying."

Samuel Olmstead, Mr. Macfadden's representative, came striding into the room. Dr. Moore introduced me and told my errand.

"Mary Lou," Olmstead said, "was just a bundle of skin and eyes when her cousin carried her in here. But she's getting along all right now."

He didn't seem greatly impressed with the fact that Mary Lou was walking.

"She's only been here two months," he said. "She walks quite a little, but she doesn't take any upgrades yet."

"She's been here two months and she can't climb mountains? You've been neglecting her."

Olmstead glared at me.

"No, she can't climb mountains yet. But she will, if she wants to, before we're through with her."

His manner said, "Don't make smart cracks, wise guy; and don't waste my time. I've got work to do."

"You have a woman doctor here, a patient," I said. "May I see her?"

"Of course," said Olmstead and Dr. Moore, and led me to her room.

THE doctor was a woman of middle age, dark-haired, blue-eyed, buxom, pleasant. She was sitting up in bed, eating from a tray.

A two-pound muskmelon. A green salad. A big dish of cottage cheese. A glass of buttermilk. A plate full of crisp rye wafers. A pat of butter. And a great thick slab of rare roast beef. That was her diet.

"You have tuberculosis," I said. "You're a doctor. And you're eating this kind of stuff?"

"Yes. And I love it."

"Are you getting well?"

"I don't know. Too early, yet, to say."

I asked her a lot of questions.

"Wait until I finish my buttermilk," she said, "and I'll give you the story of my life."

Her story was short and sweet. She had built up a big practice in New York City. She worked all day and all night seven days and seven nights a week. Some years ago, following a nervous breakdown, she discovered she had tuberculosis. She closed up her office, went to a sanatorium, and fought her way back to health.

"I returned to New York, got my business going strong again, but decided I wouldn't work so hard. I hired a couple of assistants, and the practice flourished. Then, last year, the spot on my lung came back.

"This time I decided I wouldn't go to a sanatorium. I'd go to a little shack in the mountains and cure myself with fresh air, rest, diet, and a little exercise. I was getting along fine when a friend came to visit me. She was just getting over an attack of influenza. I got the disease from her. I had it bad. On top of that I got acute appendicitis. I had to go to a hospital. Oh, yes, all this was complicated with a diabetic condition."

The doctor attacked her salad, and after a few moments went on with her story.

" After I left the hospital I had no appendix; but I still had t.b. and a trace of diabetes. So there was nothing for me to do but go to a sanatorium. I wouldn't go back to the old place. I wanted something better. So I began to ask questions of my doctor friends. After I found out about this place, Loomis, and especially after I learned what to expect in the way of diet, I came here immediately."

" Doctors recommended Loomis to you? "

" Some of them. I'm still skeptical. I still have to be shown that Mr. Macfadden's diet ideas work. I haven't been shown yet; but I didn't expect I could be in two weeks. But I admire his ideas of diet. Did you ever see a lovelier piece of roast beef? "

Dr. Moore and Mr. Olmstead were in the corridor when I left the physician's room.

" Miss Mary Lou has returned," Dr. Moore said, " and she'll be glad to see you."

He and Olmstead led the way into a big room down the corridor. There was a young woman sitting up in bed, a big-eyed, sallow-cheeked, anemic young woman. So that was Mary Lou. Exhausted after her little walk!

In a chair near by sat a beautiful girl in vivid red-and-white sports clothes.

" Mary Lou," Dr. Moore said, " here's a young man who'd like to talk to you, a writer from Liberty Magazine."

The girl in sports costume smiled.

" I heard you were here," she said. " I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

She must have seen the bewilderment in my eyes, for she laughed and turned to the girl in the bed.

" No, I'm Mary Lou," she said. " Not she. She's Mary Lou before I came here, maybe—only I think I looked a lot sicker than she does now. I'm Mary Lou after I came here. Do you know what I'm talking about? "

" You mean you're the girl who was dying? "

She nodded.

" You look like a movie star," I couldn't help saying—which remark didn't do me any harm. It made Mary Lou open up and tell me all about herself.

" What do you think of the Macfadden diet now? " I asked.

Before she could answer, Olmstead drew my attention to an empty pint milk bottle on a table near the bed.

" See the straw in that bottle? " he asked.

" Sure," I told him.

" That's the straw that saved her life, in my opinion. Notice how it's crimped at the end, pinched so it's hard to suck the milk through it. Drinking milk through that straw produces a very fine curd in the intestines, one that has been absorbed before the next feeding."

" In six weeks," said Mary Lou, " I put on twenty-five pounds."

" And not just around the stomach," said Olmstead. " It isn't just potato-and-macaroni fat."

" No," said Dr. Moore, " it's in all the right places. I'll bet that boy thought so too—the boy who escorted Mary Lou on her walk."

Mary Lou laughed with some embarrassment and with a glowing pride.

I strolled through the grounds of the sanatorium. There were boys and girls on the archery range, on the rifle range, on the golf course, on the gravel walks. There were men and women in sports clothes pitching rope quoits or playing croquet.

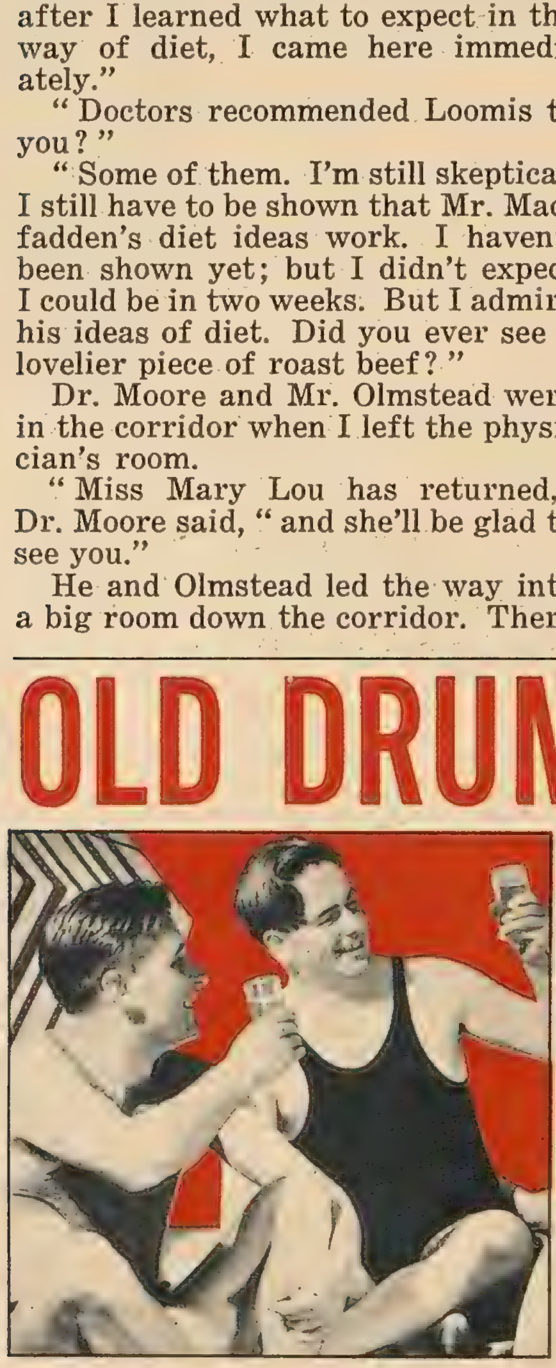
" Are all these people patients? " I asked. " Or are they merely visitors? "

" You are the only visitor today," said Dr. Moore. " These are patients getting well."

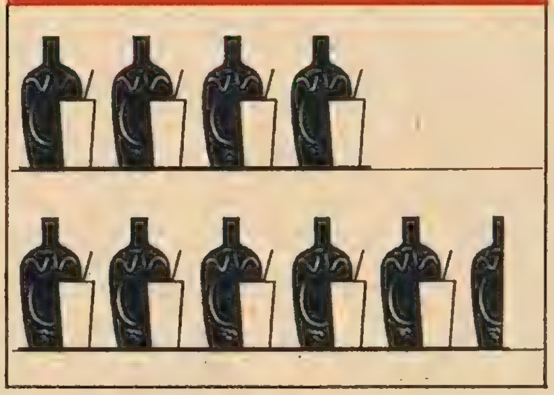
What is life that it should be prized? Ask those people at Loomis. What is love that it should be envied? Perhaps Mary Lou can answer that now. I don't know. I say, perhaps she can.

THE END

OLD DRUM WINNING MILLIONS



BUFFALO JOINS SWING—
SALES UP 38.6%



AS NATION AGREES FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY, PRICE..

You Can't Beat it!
OLD DRUM
BRAND
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A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

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OLD DRUM
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*Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.*

OLD DRUM WHISKEY YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

# *Death*
# LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA
## *by Margaret E. Sangster*

### Heaven found and lost, and found again! Swift, stirring drama brings the story's final thrill

**READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 46 SECONDS**

### PART SIX—CONCLUSION

MILDRED was conscious, first, of lanterns bobbing toward her. She thought stupidly, Do angels carry lanterns? and shut her eyes again. Then somebody was saying, " Drink this," and she felt a flask against her lips. So she opened her eyes. " Then I'm still alive," she murmured, " but pretty soon I'll—"

The man interrupted. " There's a doctor coming out from town," he said. " Just take it easy."

Several hundred yards away something was burning with a bright fierce flame. Near by something else was covered with a blanket. Mildred tried to struggle to her feet, and then an echo of the bright fierce flame shot up through her and she fell back, limp as a rag doll.

" I guess this is the pay-off," she said, and smiled.

But when she came to she was in a bed and another man was bending over her.

" Where am I? " she asked.

" You're in a farmhouse," said the man, " a couple of miles from town. I'm a doctor."

" When am I going to die? " asked Mildred.

The doctor laughed. " Why," he said, " there's nothing wrong with you but a bumped head and a strained ankle."

Mildred surveyed him mildly. He was a nice doctor but stupid. She said, " But I *am* going to die, you know."

The doctor was laughing harder than ever. " You're not going to die," he said. " How many times must I tell you? You stood the shaking up remarkably well. Better than "—his face clouded—" some of the others. By day after tomorrow you'll be all set to take another plane—if you've the nerve. . . . No, no—lie down."

For Mildred was sitting upright in bed. " I guess you didn't examine my heart," she said.

" I examined it first off," said the doctor. " Your heart's hunky-dory."

Mildred's patience was beginning to wear thin. " But you see," she said, " I can't live much longer. It isn't necessary to humor me, because I'm prepared. My own doctor told me that I had just six months to go. Three of the months—well, this is the beginning of the fourth. *Don't you understand?* "

The doctor said, " What you need is a bromide."

" I don't need a bromide," said Mildred crossly, " but I'd like to see another doctor. A specialist."

When the specialist came out from town a little later, she told him her story. He used a stethoscope and made some tests, and then said:

" Even the best of us make mistakes. That first man— Well, it's beastly that you've been put through three months of hell, but it's over now. I assure you, my dear, that there's nothing wrong with you. You'll live to be a hundred."

AFTER the specialist went about his business, Mildred tried to collect her scattered emotions. She really was in shock *this* time. When, three months ago, she had been condemned to death, she had felt free, exhilarated, renewed. Now that she had received life on a silver platter, she was speechless and incredulous.

Yesterday and her flight from Hollywood seemed worlds away. And yet if she'd stayed in Hollywood—if she'd married Wally, believing that she had only a short time left—the marriage would have been doomed to disaster. She might even have talked herself into dying unnecessarily—such things can happen. The waiting would have torn her morale to bits in any case. It was fate that had sent her swiftly to these medical men who had buried her fears and—

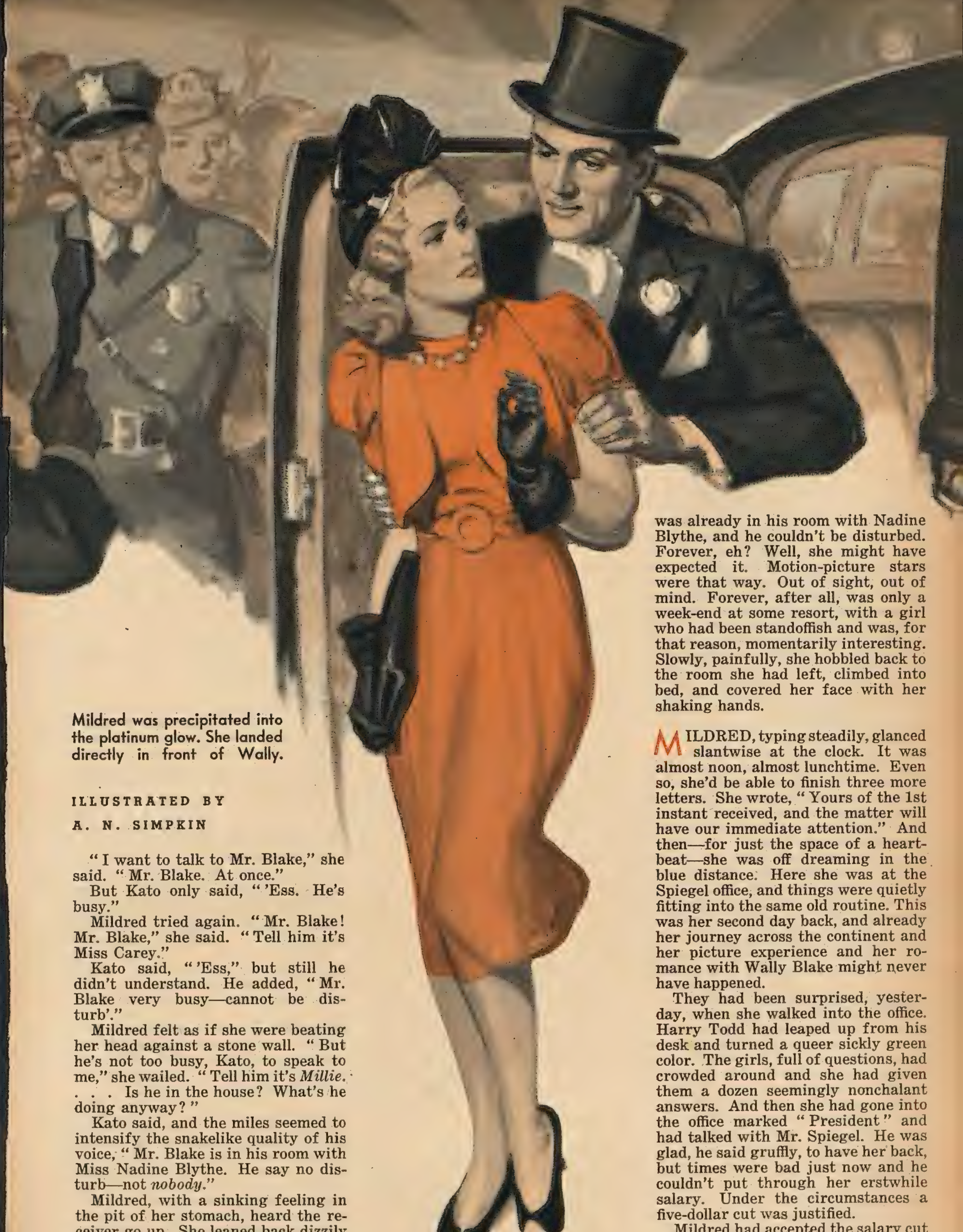
Suddenly Millie was laughing. Her fears were buried and she was alive! She could go back to Hollywood, and once back she could stay. Wally loved her, he wanted to marry her. Only yesterday he had told her that there never had been any one else—and that there never would be any one else. She'd go back and explain her disappearance simply, and Wally would accept the explanation.

" Just panic," she'd tell him, " sheer panic." There was no reason why he should ever know about her threadbare past and the death sentence that she had believed so implicitly.

Yes, she'd go back today—back to Hollywood. She'd find Wally sitting in his study with the strange collection of books and her letter drooping from his hand. She'd go into his arms like a homing bird, and she'd never leave his arms. She must—oh, she must send a telegram at once. Or, better. There was a telephone in the house. Hadn't they phoned for the doctor?

Mildred was slipping out of bed. Her foot hurt when she stepped on it and she winced, but despite the pain she was able to hobble across the room and into the hallway. The house was very quiet. Up from below drifted the odor of frying ham—the farmer's wife was evidently in the kitchen. Where on earth was the telephone? There it was at the head of the stairs—an old-fashioned wall telephone with a handle. What was the cost of a call to Hollywood? No matter—she'd reverse the charges. People always reversed the charges when they called Wally. She asked for long-distance, gave a number, and waited.

And then, after an eternity of waiting, Kato was hissing across the wire. Although he accepted the call, her name obviously left him blank. Well, what of it? Long-distance calls, collect, were no skin off his nose. Mildred spoke swiftly, and realized that her teeth were chattering.



Mildred was precipitated into the platinum glow. She landed directly in front of Wally.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

"I want to talk to Mr. Blake," she said. "Mr. Blake. At once."

But Kato only said, "'Ess. He's busy."

Mildred tried again. "Mr. Blake! Mr. Blake," she said. "Tell him it's Miss Carey."

Kato said, "'Ess," but still he didn't understand. He added, "Mr. Blake very busy—cannot be disturb'."

Mildred felt as if she were beating her head against a stone wall. "But he's not too busy, Kato, to speak to me," she wailed. "Tell him it's *Millie.* . . . Is he in the house? What's he doing anyway?"

Kato said, and the miles seemed to intensify the snakelike quality of his voice, "Mr. Blake is in his room with Miss Nadine Blythe. He say no disturb—not *nobody.*"

Mildred, with a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, heard the receiver go up. She leaned back dizzily against the wall and let the import of Kato's message sink in. She'd been away for one night—and yet Wally was already in his room with Nadine Blythe, and he couldn't be disturbed. Forever, eh? Well, she might have expected it. Motion-picture stars were that way. Out of sight, out of mind. Forever, after all, was only a week-end at some resort, with a girl who had been standoffish and was, for that reason, momentarily interesting. Slowly, painfully, she hobbled back to the room she had left, climbed into bed, and covered her face with her shaking hands.

MILDRED, typing steadily, glanced slantwise at the clock. It was almost noon, almost lunchtime. Even so, she'd be able to finish three more letters. She wrote, "Yours of the 1st instant received, and the matter will have our immediate attention." And then—for just the space of a heartbeat—she was off dreaming in the blue distance. Here she was at the Spiegel office, and things were quietly fitting into the same old routine. This was her second day back, and already her journey across the continent and her picture experience and her romance with Wally Blake might never have happened.

They had been surprised, yesterday, when she walked into the office. Harry Todd had leaped up from his desk and turned a queer sickly green color. The girls, full of questions, had crowded around and she had given them a dozen seemingly nonchalant answers. And then she had gone into the office marked "President" and had talked with Mr. Spiegel. He was glad, he said gruffly, to have her back, but times were bad just now and he couldn't put through her erstwhile salary. Under the circumstances a five-dollar cut was justified.

Mildred had accepted the salary cut with the same apathy that had seized her since that blind moment in the farmhouse, when Kato's voice had

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

THE HERO PINNED A MEDAL ON ME

There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

hissed a devastating message across the telephone wire.

HARRY TODD asked Mildred to dine with him on her first evening back and she accepted gratefully. Harry, it seemed, had done nothing to speak of—except miss her. She had been away three months and a week—and he had expected letters from her, but they never came. That post card she'd sent him from Ohio was all.

Lingering over his coffee, Harry babbled along. He thought it pretty white of Spiegel to fit her in—in all fairness, she had left without notice. And incidentally—laughter here—he'd had a shock one morning because of a picture he'd seen in the paper. He thought it was her. Know why? The girl's name was Mildred Carey too, but the girl had rescued a screen star from some bandits.

Mildred told him carefully that there must be a million Mildred Careys at large. "I read that story myself," she said truthfully, "but the picture didn't look like me."

As the days went by Harry wasn't the only one who spoke of the other Mildred Carey. The entire staff had read of the fabulous heroine. It became an office gag to tease Mildred about rescuing Wally Blake. Mildred always said, "Of course I rescued him. The name's not a coincidence. It was *me!*" That was always good for a laugh. Imagine Mildred Carey, Spiegel's quiet, self-effacing secretary, rescuing a movie star, or even knowing one, for that matter.

*AND the days went by!* Weeks—a month—crowded with ugly routine. An egg cooked over a gas plate in the morning, a ride in the subway, and the first few hours of dictation from Mr. Spiegel, who was worried about business and took it out on Millie. Lunch at a soda fountain, and then a long afternoon dragging to a close.

ONE Saturday, when they were leaving the office, Harry Todd asked her if she'd go picnicking with him the next day in the country. Millie, seeing a strange gleam in his eyes, hesitated before agreeing to the plan, but she did agree, and Harry, with a set smile, left her.

Mildred, wondering what she'd wear to the picnic, realized that this Sunday would mark another turning point in her life. Harry was going to ask her to marry him—she was sure of that—and, so she told herself, she would accept him. She might as well; she couldn't go on forever carrying a dream in place of reality.

Harry stopped for her bright and early on Sunday morning; he had a lunch packed in a paper bag. They took a subway—*the inevitable subway*—and a ferry, and then a bus which led up a steep hill and through a suburban town. The town was crowded with small unimaginative houses; some sort of development had been launched. Billboards here and there announced that the houses cost forty-nine hundred and ninety-five dollars, and that they could be purchased with a down payment of ten per cent.

Harry said wistfully, "Pretty slick, aren't they, Mildred? A fellow could have a lot of fun raising a few flowers and cutting the grass." But Mildred didn't hear him. She was leaning back in the bus, with closed eyes, and she was seeing the vision of a house set behind a lawn that was green and velvety—a huge low house made of beach-tan stucco. When would Nadine move into that house, she wondered—and had Wally given Nadine another golden key?

They reached their destination presently—it was some twenty minutes' walk from the bus terminal. Harry spread his coat for Mildred to sit on, and said, "When we're ready to leave we'll pick a bunch of flowers for you to take home, dear." He stumbled over the "dear" and added, "Let's have lunch. I'm hungry."

THERE were liverwurst sandwiches and ham sandwiches and cheese sandwiches. There were strawberry tarts too. Harry had done himself proud. Mildred leaned back against a big stone and let Harry arrange the lunch.

"If we owned one of those houses back a way," Harry remarked, with an attempt at ease, "we could come here for picnics every Sunday. That would be living."

"Living's a whole lot harder than dying," Mildred said, with apparent irrelevance.

All at once Harry was talking rapidly, the words pouring from his lips. "Listen here, Millie," he said. "Living's a cinch when you go at it in the right way. You and I—well, we've known each other for a long while. We've worked in the same office and we've saved our money and it's time that we—we got some good of it." He cleared his throat. "We could buy a house—it would be no trick at all to keep up the payments. Even if you didn't go on working after we were married, we'd have plenty in the bank. I've got darn near five thousand saved, and you—" He broke off expectantly.

Mildred picked up a paper napkin and twisted it into a tight roll. "I'm going to tell you something, Harry," she said quietly. "Before I left the Spiegel office I had six thousand dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Harry. "Mildred, you're *wonderful!*"

But Mildred silenced him with a lifted hand and went on. "I took that money," she told Harry, "and went on a—a joy ride. I just started out—I didn't know where I'd land. . . . That's all, Harry."

Harry was silent for a moment—perhaps he was astonished—and then he spoke. "It was coming to you," he said. "I can't remember you ever taking a vacation." He added a trifle worriedly, "Did you spend much?"

Mildred told him with grim satisfaction, "Every smitch."

"But," gasped Harry, "you were only away *three months!*"

"Just over three months," agreed Mildred. Some imp of perversity made her lean forward until her eyes were on a level with Harry's perplexed ones. "I'm practically penniless," she told Harry, "and I haven't anything to show for my adventure. . . . I'm afraid it will make quite a difference as far as your plans are concerned."

Harry nodded glumly. Much of the excitement had gone out of him. "Well," he said, "we can't be married so soon, of course—and then, too, Mildred, what you've told me has made me lose confidence in you. Any girl who can work all her life to save money and then throw it away—" He left his sentence unfinished.

All at once Mildred felt a desire to justify her act. Not to Harry; to herself. "Harry," she said, "I had a reason for going away and spending all my money. Just before I left I went to a doctor here in town—I'd been feeling miserable, you know. . . . Well, he examined me and he said I was going to die—that I had six months to go, *at best!*"

"*What?*" gasped Harry in italics.

Mildred went on. "Six months to go," she told Harry, "and I'd saved six thousand dollars. It seemed the logical thing for me to do—to spend my money, I mean. So I spent it."

"But," said Harry, "you could have made a will—you could have left it to somebody who would use it sensibly."

It didn't sound funny, not then. Mildred went on, patiently explaining. "All my life," she told Harry, "I've wanted lovely things and never had them. Now I've had them. . . . I went to another doctor just before I came back, and he told me that it was all a mistake—that I'm perfectly well."

Harry asked, "Are you sure *he* was right?"

"Quite," nodded Mildred, and was entirely unprepared for the fury that lashed across Harry's face.

I'LL sue that first doctor!" he told Mildred. "You give me his name and address. I'll have papers served on him tomorrow!"

Mildred laughed. "What's the use?" she said. "The money's gone—you can't bring it back."

Harry said, "We'll get it back or I'll know the reason why. That doctor's not only wrecked your future, he's wrecked *mine*. I'll have him up in court and—"

But Mildred interrupted, shaking her head.

"Harry," she said, "I must begin all over again, and I know it. But I wouldn't give up the last three months for—for a good deal more than six thousand dollars."

"You mean to say you won't try to punish the fellow?" Harry asked.

Mildred again shook her head, but slowly. "If I hadn't gone to him and if he hadn't made a mistake," she said, "I'd have kept right on working for Spiegel and saving and saving, and living on the smell of an oil rag. Then finally I'd have married you and we'd have bought one of those houses—" She paused, and Harry asked blankly:

"But isn't that what you want to do?"

"No," Mildred said at last, "that isn't what I want to do, Harry. I'm sorry." It was just the opposite of what she'd planned to say.

Harry said gruffly, "Mil, I think you're crazy."

And Mildred nodded. "Perhaps I am. Let's have our sandwiches and go back to town. I'm afraid I've ruined the party."

She and Harry ate the liverwurst and the ham and the cheese in grim silence, and then they walked back to the bus, also in silence. As they rode past the little development with its new houses, so much alike that they might have been cut out with a biscuit cutter, Mildred stole a glance at her escort. He was staring straight ahead, with his chin set in a curious hard line. Suddenly Mildred was sorry for him.

"I'm not quite as insane as I sound," she said abruptly. "Harry, I really wouldn't mind living in any kind of house," said Mildred softly, "or a tent or a cave with the *right man*. There, now, Harry, I've said it."

"Yeah, you've said it," Harry agreed bitterly, and he didn't say anything else for a long, long while.

BACK in her furnished room, Mildred had it out with herself, but the most rigorous scolding didn't alter the facts of the case. She knew that she had doomed herself to a life of loneliness, that middle age and old age would have to be met as they came—without an arm to lean on or a hand to touch. Her common sense told her that Harry's proposal of marriage had been more stable and permanent than Wallace Blake's proposal had been. Harry wanted to live with her and to share with her all their combined worldly goods; but Wally had forgotten her in a time that could be measured by hours. And yet Mildred knew—despite Harry's stability and Wally's lack of it—that when she was an old, old woman the memory of Wally's kisses would still be warm and exciting and close.

Next morning she was glad that there was an extraordinary amount of dictation, and that Mr. Spiegel was prone to be fussy. She took thirty letters, each saying approximately the same thing.

Finally it was noon and she started out for the usual lunchroom. The girl who sat at the desk next to her tagged along.

"You act sorta strange nowadays, Millie," said the girl. "You keep to yourself too much. Listen," she urged. "Why don't you come along with the bunch of us *tonight?* Prisoners' Rest is opening down at the Central. We might take it in."

Mildred told her gently, "You'll have to count me out, I'm afraid. I've some sewing to do this evening." And then, leaving her lunch untouched, she slid down from the stool and fairly ran from the crowded room.

AFTERNOON—with the morning letters typed and laid in a neat pile on Mr. Spiegel's desk. He came in raging, at four. A contract had been broken and nine of the letters must be changed. Mildred changed them patiently, but when the nine were laid on his desk Mr. Spiegel had another idea, and tore them up.

"You've gotta work late this evening, Miss Carey," he said.

Mildred told him apathetically that she'd just as soon work late, and she took some more fussy dictation and had a sandwich sent in. When the letters were finished and Mr. Spiegel was finally satisfied, it was eight thirty, and Mildred—gently closing her typewriter—went down to a street that was seething with theater crowds. A goodly number of them—perhaps—were going to Prisoners' Rest, and she herself was a part of Prisoners' Rest, unless—Mildred wondered swiftly if they had cut her part. It was a minor part and they could easily have cut it, after her disappearance.

She knew a sudden burning nostalgia for her lost self—a desire that made her long to go down to the Central Theater. She wouldn't enter the theater—her courage wouldn't carry her that far—but she'd walk past and, walking past, she'd peer into the lobby. There might be stills in the lobby, and her own face might look at her from one of the stills.

It was quite a walk from the office building to the theater. As she hurried through dingy streets, Mildred found herself thinking of wide boulevards with impossible palm trees. Magic for sale—out West. Heartbreak for sale at this end of the lane.

From a block away the crowd in front of the Central Theater seemed abnormally large to Mildred.

The girls from the office will never make the grade, Mildred thought, as she drew nearer and nearer to the theater. Wally's name was up in huge electric lights and every letter of that name winked at her. There was a larger-than-life picture of him on a stand beside the ticket window, and he was laughing, with his head thrown back and his eyes full of devilment. Mildred, coming close, wondered if he was laughing tonight back there in Hollywood, or if for one pulse beat he was missing her.

The picture scared and fascinated her. She wouldn't go into the lobby, after all—she'd changed her mind, she told herself. And yet her footsteps fairly raced in that direction.

And then, unexplainably, the knot of people became as dense and enveloping as an octopus and she was caught in the midst of it. Helpless as a leaf on a stream, she felt herself being rushed toward the entrance of the theater. And then swiftly, blindingly, white radiance sprang into being, and Mildred knew that some

**ME?**

**DOUBLE-CROSSED!**

**Don't give your face a raw deal in the morning! Don't *double-cross* it! Switch to Star Blades and remove all trace of stubble the *first time!* Once over with Star and you're clean because it's *extra* keen! Get cool, smooth shaves—get Star, world's largest-selling single edge blade. Famous since 1880.**

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**FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS**

one overhead had turned on a spotlight.

"Oh," she said to nobody in particular, "I must get out of this crowd. These lights—why—"

A buxom woman was pressed tightly against her side. Somebody jabbed an elbow into Mildred's back and she winced. Somebody stepped on her foot and a sharp pain cut its way through the ankle that had been injured. A boy, evidently a college boy, fell against her and laboriously righted himself. "Wally Blake's making a personal appearance," he said. "It was in tonight's papers. He's going to give some sort of announcement—a surprise announcement. . . . Say, what the dickens is the matter with you?"

For Millie, with a little squeal, was trying to fight her way out of the group that held her captive. She was pushing, shoving—almost she was biting.

"What's the big idea?" growled the college boy. "Relax—for gosh sakes!" And then, "Wow! What a car!"

The car that drew up to the curb was enormous. It wasn't one of Wally's Hollywood cars, but it must have come out of the same box. As Mildred stared incredulously, the door swung open and he stepped out—*Wallace Blake in person!* The crowd roared, but Mildred, with her hand pressed against her mouth, saw that he was older than he had been in memory, and wearier, and that the picture smile was quite missing. She thought:

They've tired him out. She thought, a split second later, Nadine's been hounding him.

AND then from the curb Wally was speaking. His voice sounded tired too—for the old lilt was gone.

"You're swell," he said collectively to the crowd, "to give me this sort of greeting. I don't rate it, really. I"—was Wally faltering? Wally who was always so debonair—"I want to ask a favor of you. Please come into the theater and see Prisoners' Rest—not because I'm in it, but—well, there's a girl in that picture. She plays the younger sister, and I want you to notice her. *Particularly.* Take in every feature and—if you've ever seen her *anywhere*"—he faltered again—"or if you can help me locate her in *any way*—"

It was just then that the person who had jabbed an elbow into Mildred's back leaned sharply forward, and Mildred—caught unaware—was precipitated into the platinum glow. She landed directly, almost, in front of Wally. She sobbed, "Oh!" just once, and tried desperately to duck back into the seething octopus of people. And then she heard Wally shout:

"Mildred! Mildred! For heaven's sake!" And then, "No, you don't! *I've got you!*"

As she struggled frantically, her jacket sleeve was grasped by tense fingers and she found herself being pulled into the enormous car. And then she was on the back seat with Wally and the car was darting away from the theater entrance through a medley of streets, and the crowd—deserted by its idol—was yelling.

But Mildred heard the yells only subconsciously, for Wally's arms were tight about her and his lips were against her cheek and he was sobbing. *Wally Blake was sobbing.*

WALLY was saying, "You've come back to me." It was the first thing that made sense. "Darling—you'll never get away again."

It was as she had dreamed it in mad impossible dreams. Mildred reached up, almost shyly, and touched the cheek that was more than a trifle gaunt. "But, Wally," she said, "I tried to come back before. . . . I thought you didn't want me."

Wally was kissing her. "You must be nuttier than ever," he said, but his voice shook. "Not want you? Why, I've wanted you all my life."

"But Kato," Millie was trying to explain—"Kato said that you were in your room with Nadine and that you couldn't be disturbed."

Wally said, "I was in my room with Nadine only once—it was the day after you left. There were a couple of detectives with me. They were giving Nadine a third degree."

"Oh," murmured Mildred.

Wally went on. "The detectives," he said, "thought that Nadine might know something of your disappearance. The telephone operator in your hotel said that she'd been throwing threats around. But Nadine proved that she"—he growled the word—"was innocent. . . . The detectives wouldn't let me broadcast your disappearance, Millie. They thought they could work best under cover. But when Prisoners' Rest was ready for release, I—well, I couldn't take it any longer. I'm on a personal-appearance tour, and the whole idea of the tour was to go to theaters and call attention to you and ask people if they'd seen you."

"Oh," sighed Millie again.

Wally's lips were against her hair. "You're just as I remembered you," he told her brokenly. "Just as dear, just as sweet, just as much mine. . . . Millie darling, why did you ever leave me?"

*Just as much mine!* Millie, no longer tired, no longer lost, no longer Mr. Spiegel's secretary, burrowed her head into Wally's shoulder.

"I left you," she said, "because I thought I was going to die. I called you up—that day you were with Nadine—to tell you I was going to live."

Wally drew her closer, if possible. "You bet you're going to live!" he told her. "And how! . . . Mildred, it's so darned goofy that I don't know whether I'm afoot or ahorseback. Suppose you begin at the beginning and tell poppa the whole story!"

So Millie began at the beginning and told the story through to the end. Only, when she got there, it wasn't the end.

THE END

# Love . . and a house of hatred

## The movies, with help from the Misses Davis and Hopkins, essay a strange tale of human relations

### BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ THE OLD MAID

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, George Brent, Jane Bryan, Donald Crisp, Louise Fazenda, James Stephenson, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan, Cecilia Loftus, Rand Brooks, Janet Shaw. Screen play by Casey Robinson based on the play by Zoë Akins and the novel by Edith Wharton. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

THIS was distinguished as a novel, it won a Pulitzer prize as a play, it has the most interesting young actress in films—and yet it somehow misses.

The story covers much of the span of two lives, of Charlotte Lovell, impetuous Philadelphia girl of the '60s, and her older cousin, Delia Lovell. Charlotte loves the man her cousin has planned to wed, but when the other discards him for a wealthy suitor she has her moment of happiness with him. He goes to war, is killed—and there is a baby. Scandal must be avoided and Charlotte comes into her cousin's home with the child. The drama is the relationship of the two women with this illegitimate daughter of the soldier they both loved. Charlotte grows dour and embittered, the child turns to the other for the warmth and the love she seeks.

The screen play wavers as it swings between the two women, a curious barrier of bitterness between them, fumbles as it attempts to show the underlying conflicting motives of the two women while the girl grows to womanhood.

Charlotte Lovell is not one of Bette Davis' best roles, nor is Miriam Hopkins any more successful as her cousin. But much of the fault lies in the blurry continuity and in the direction. There is an attempt to swing sympathy back and forth between the two women growing old in a house of hatred, and the attempt does not jell.

The best performance is contributed by Donald Crisp as the kindly family doctor, a little skeptical of these new things, called germs.

**VITAL STATISTICS: Bette Davis is the moving-man's dream girl. Has occupied ten different houses in eight years. One of 'em she didn't like after signing up, so she took another. Has a house now in Brentwood with a married couple running it. . . . George Brent is studying piano. Has one of the instruments in his mountaintop home overlooking the San Fernando Valley and another in his hide-out shack near Palm Springs. Has mastered Chop Sticks. . . . Miriam Hopkins has a hilltop home too. It is on Tower Grove Road with a view across Hollywood and Beverly Hills to the sea. Once it was owned by that tragic, romantic figure of films, the late Jack Gilbert. Then, too, Miss Hopkins has a New York residence in Sutton Place. . . . Cissie Loftus has sixty-three years, mostly of stage labors, behind her.**

### ★ ★ ★ IN NAME ONLY

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis, Charles Coburn, Helen Vinson, Katharine Alexander, Jonathan Hale, Maurice Moscovich, Nella Walker, Peggy Ann Garner, Spencer Charters. Screen play by Richard Sherman from a novel by Bessie Breuer. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 92 minutes.

HERE is a franker, honester attack upon the stereotyped theme of the wife, the husband, and the other woman than usually emerges from Hollywood. Just how this social drama advanced past the outposts of the Hays Code is a mystery. For in it you discover two loving young people held apart by the holy ban of matrimony.

Cary Grant plays a brusque and bitter young Connecticut squire married to a heartless woman who, alas, wed him for money and position. Then he meets and falls in love with a pretty commercial artist. But what can he do? The wife stands ready to deal disaster to any one and every one who threatens her comforts.

The writing of the film, the acting and the direction have somehow managed to catch the drama of two young people lost in an emotional torment. The direction of John Cromwell has a sure touch and shrewd implication. Otherwise the story would be pretty obvious. And the acting is admirable. Carole Lombard gives a performance of poignancy and passion. Grant's

Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis in the film version of the Pulitzer prize play The Old Maid.

wife-ridden Alec Walker is humorous, lonely, and genuine. Kay Francis makes the wife understandable, shrewdly intelligent, and pretty hateful.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** It's Carole and Cary's first film together in six years. Then they did Sinners in the Sun and The Eagle and the Hawk. . . . Hubby Clark Gable was playing Rhett Butler in G. w. t. W. while Bride Carole was doing In Name Only, which originally was to be called Memory of Love, as was its original, Bessie Breuer's 1934 novel. In off moments, since their marriage in Arizona, Carole and Clark have been making ready their twelve-acre estate in the Hollywood foothills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. "Pappy is like a boy with it all," says Carole. Pappy is her pet name for Clark. Carole does much of her own kitchen garden, which—whisper—includes onions. Gable works hard about the place, too. Friends didn't wait for them to stock the place. Cromwell gave them one of his prize Guernsey milch cows, David Selznick contributed a jackass. And they bought 500 Rhode Island Reds. . . . This is Kay Francis' first heavy role in eight years, her first part since her Warner contract ended. . . . Charles Coburn, who is in his sixties, has been in ten major films in two years.

### ★ ★½ ELSA MAXWELL'S HOTEL FOR WOMEN

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sothern, Linda Darnell, James Ellison, Jean Rogers, Lynn Bari, June Gale, Joyce Compton, Elsa Maxwell, John Halliday, Katharine Aldridge, Alan Dinehart, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Healy, Amanda Duff, Ruth Terry, Chick Chandler, Gregory Gaye, Charles Wilson, Herbert Ashley, Ivan Lebedeff, Helen Ericson, Dorothy Dearing, Barnett Parker. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Darrell Ware, based on a story by Elsa Maxwell and Miss Scola. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 83 minutes.

A CINDERELLA from Syracuse comes to New York to see her sweetheart, discovers she's losing him, turns to advertising modeling. In a month she skyrockets to the top, her face covers the billboards and the advertising pages of all America. Then comes scandal when she visits a big tycoon in his swank apartment and his discarded sweetie bursts in, cute little revolver in hand, to shoot him down. What is the poor girl to do, now that she's in the tabloid headlines?

It's all a little dizzy, with pulchritude—from ornate hotel lobby to lavish bathroom, in lovely frocks and frank dishabille—on rapid-fire parade. Through it Miss Maxwell moves with assurance, dropping pearls of wisdom. You will like Linda Darnell as the Cinderella. The girl has more than beauty. John Halliday makes the penthouse ogre with the weakness for ancient weapons and modern blondes seem human. No mean feat. Ann Sothern is excellent as a flip girl who has been around.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Elsa Maxwell was born in Keokuk, Iowa, 56 years ago. When Elsa was ten months old the family migrated to Frisco and she came through the earthquake and fire. Her first professional experience was as accompanist abroad to singing stars such as Ethel Levey. In no time at all she was publicizing the French Riviera, running night clubs on the Continent, being "idea woman" for Jean Patou and giving her internationally famous parties. Brought the party idea to New York in 1930. Knows everybody; list of friends looks like Social Register and Burke's Peerage. Never married. . . . Darryl Zanuck's first idea was to have Elsa do a party sequence in a story about a women's hotel. A spot was arranged for her to sit at her piano and sing. Came a search for a suitable song. Elsa wrote one and Zanuck was delighted. A couple of French toy poodles did a dance routine while La Maxwell played and sang her ditty called Whistle a Little Old Melody. Then, after the film was finished, it was decided to throw out the number. It held up the tempo or something. . . . Linda Darnell, who arrives with a smash in this, is the daughter of a Dallas, Texas, post-office clerk, Calvin Roy Darnell, Scotch-Irish and thirty years on the staff. Linda, who'll soon be eighteen, was brought to Hollywood a year ago but the movie folk thought her too young. So she was sent home and told to get experience in little theaters. Then she came back again and Zanuck picked her out of a herd of new faces. . . . Another newcomer is Katharine Aldridge. Born in Virginia. Raised in a house that's been in the family since 1690, suh.

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid.

★★★—What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!
HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!
OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

# THE MISTAKES OF Casanova

## Soft words, drawn forth! A blithe romance sweeps toward its climax

### BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

CASANOVA, during his stay in Mantua, has won much money and several promissory notes playing cards with the police commissioner, the postmaster, and the advocate. But to him his greatest good fortune has been his meeting with Luigia, a red-haired girl, and, through her, his introduction to Signora Bonini, a beautiful lady of mystery.

At first Casanova believes that the signora dislikes him, but he finds that he is mistaken when the lady eagerly makes an appointment to see him alone at her house.

During the first part of his visit, the signora listens to his protestations of devotion. Then, suddenly, she interrupts his love-making to ask him a favor. Her husband, she says, is in prison on a political charge. Since Casanova knows the police commissioner and the advocate, can he help to free him?

Casanova is astonished and annoyed at the entrance of a husband into his romance, but, in return for the lady's promise of her favor if he succeeds, he vows to do all he can and leaves to call on the advocate.

### PART THREE—A LADY CONFESSES

WHEN Casanova banged the door with his sword hilt, an hour after dawn, the advocate answered in person. He wore dressing gown and slippers, and his temper was bad.

"Isn't it a fine morning?" said Casanova. "Has the commissioner arrived?"

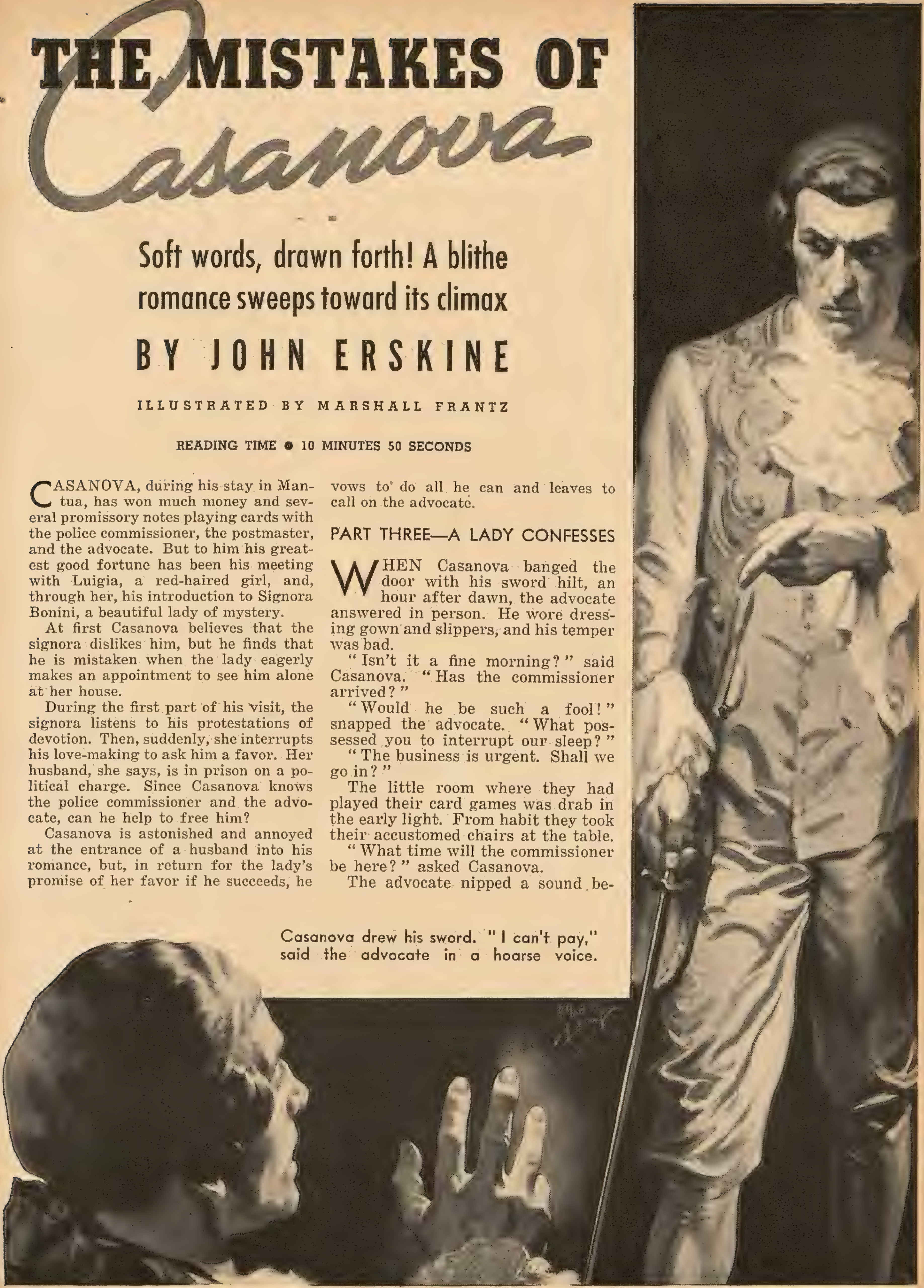
"Would he be such a fool!" snapped the advocate. "What possessed you to interrupt our sleep?"

"The business is urgent. Shall we go in?"

The little room where they had played their card games was drab in the early light. From habit they took their accustomed chairs at the table.

"What time will the commissioner be here?" asked Casanova.

The advocate nipped a sound be-



Casanova drew his sword. "I can't pay," said the advocate in a hoarse voice.

hind his teeth which might have developed into an oath. "To me he said nothing. I didn't invite him to come."

"Very true," said Casanova. "I suppose it was a liberty to arrange the meeting in your house, and without consulting you, but here's where it started, and here, most appropriately, it may end."

"I know what you've come for!" cried the advocate. "Stop rolling my misery under your tongue! Get to business!"

"I wait for the commissioner."

"I can tell you now, I have no money! This house I inherited from my father, and I don't intend to sell it."

"Had you been wise—"

The advocate raised his voice to a shout: "You don't need to say it—I shouldn't have played with you!"

"Remember," said Casanova, "you proposed the game!"

THE advocate pressed his lips and drummed on the table, to recover his poise. Casanova made it hard for him by humming a tune.

"Is the postmaster coming?"

"Dear me," said Casanova, "I forgot the postmaster! I'll deal with him separately."

There was a knock at the outer door. The advocate hurried to answer it, and the commissioner entered, a little pale, perhaps because he was freshly shaved.

"Why," said he, "did you get me here at this hour?"

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?" said Casanova. "I am sure our host wishes you to be comfortable."

The commissioner reddened with anger. "See here, Signor Casanova—"

"Sit down," said Casanova. The commissioner sat. "I wish to consult you both about Signor Bonini. His wife wishes to get him out of jail—at once."

The advocate and the commissioner rallied from their astonishment.

"I've told his wife several times," said the commissioner, "to consult the judge who sentenced him. He refused to see her."

"Well, then," said Casanova, "you had a hand in the case, and the commissioner here has some oversight of the prisoner. I join the signora in requesting that he be released immediately."

"This is delightful!" said the advocate. "You join the signora! What a phrase!"

"Be careful," said Casanova. "The signora is a friend of mine."

"That won't recommend you to the judge," said the commissioner. "Bonini is a doubtful character. The judge sent him up for the good of the city. The length of time is at the judge's discretion."

"You two," said Casanova, "or whichever is best fitted to carry the message, may now tell the judge that Signor Bonini should be released."

The advocate laughed. "How droll!"

"As soon as he is released," continued Casanova, "those notes of yours will be torn up."

After the silence, the advocate spoke first.

"When you say released at once, how soon do you mean?"

"Tomorrow."

"Talk to the judge yourself, Signor Casanova," suggested the advocate. "He lives near by, on the edge of the town. You'd enjoy meeting him. He has a reputation somewhat like your own for liberal habits."

"If I do the errand myself," said Casanova, "I'll collect those notes at once, or I'll argue with you at the end of our swords. But it's not your money I want, nor this ancestral house of yours. I'm leaving the city tomorrow and I don't expect to return."

"Tomorrow?" The commissioner sounded encouraged.

"I invited myself here at so early an hour in order that we could settle our affairs quietly before the neighbors are up. If you two will engage to secure the release of Signor Bonini before the end of the week, I will accept your word of honor, and when I hear from the signora that she's got her husband back, I will destroy the notes you gave me. But if you feel you cannot promise the signor's immediate freedom, I must ask you to pay me now, in gold. If you decline to pay, you will of course give me satisfaction in that garden of yours to which on a previous occasion I was obliged to refer."

He stood up and removed his cloak. They looked at each other, hesitating. He drew his sword from its scabbard and stood resting its point lightly on the floor.

"I can't pay," said the advocate in a hoarse voice.

"Nor I," said the commissioner.

Casanova looked around for a door. "How do we reach your garden?"

The advocate put both hands on the table and leaned forward to raise himself pitifully from the chair.

"Torriano," said the commissioner, "if you want to try, I'll go with you to the judge."

"But he won't listen."

"We could try, couldn't we?"

CASANOVA walked back to the Corso Vecchio with a vigorous stride. It was not his custom to go abroad unfed, and he was hungry. Before climbing the stairs he rapped on Bianca's door and called for his breakfast.

When she brought it to his room he asked to see Riccardo.

"Riccardo is out, signore."

"When will he return?"

"He didn't say, signore."

He addressed himself to his roll and chocolate, and Bianca moved to the door, but not eagerly. With her hand on the knob she paused. She wished to talk. He recognized the symptoms.

"Well, Bianca?"

"If the signor has not heard this rumor about the signorina—"

"Luigia? What rumor?"

"Then the signor does not know?"

"Bianca, my curiosity flags. Would you bring me another roll, and of the same superb quality?"

Luigia would always remain for him an unimportant mystery. At another moment or in other circumstances she might have enlisted his attention, but now she suffered by contrast with her aunt, a creature quite as strange, far more beautiful. He should have met Luigia when he was young and inexperienced—that is, some five years ago, before he had learned to value those graces of deportment which are dictated by good breeding and still more by an artistic sense of effect. The stream of passion achieves force only while confined between its banks. Luigia was an inundation.

He disliked her all the more because her aunt, the beautiful signora, had disappointed him. He had been shocked by what had seemed the signora's abrupt surrender, and now that he knew her purpose—to enlist him in the rescue of her husband—he resented the ease with which she had imposed upon him. But he still loved her, and hoped she told the truth when she said her heart, some part of it at least, was his. He must leave her, of course. Even if the advocate and the commissioner had not run out of funds, it would have been intolerable to linger on the edge of the signora's domestic routine, with her husband reinstalled. He would keep his appointment with the signora that night, but he would keep it in his own way. If she should be ever so little baffled by his firmness, their last meeting might still be for him, to that extent, satisfying.

HE was melancholy, a rare experience, against which he rebelled. The remedy for so weak a mood was to give himself something to do. Before he left the city he might as well know more about Giacomo, that dispenser of meat and neighborhood gossip. He took his hat and went out.

Giacomo was stationed behind his cutting block, cleaver in hand, talking to a man whose back was turned to the street. Seeing Casanova, the butcher said a quick word to his visitor, who at once wheeled around.

"Ah, here you are, Riccardo. I was asking for you at home."

"At your service, signore," said the landlord, reddening slightly.

Casanova concluded they had been discussing him. "I am leaving town tomorrow," he said. "My room will be at your disposal."

"But you paid for a month, signore."

"Let that be your gain. Business calls me away."

"This is sad news, signore. Can I help you pack your boxes?"

"I was hoping you would."

At a loss for more to say, Riccardo began to edge off. "I'll tell Bianca," he said and started homeward.

Casanova waited till he was well down the street.

"How can I serve you?" asked the butcher.

"What do you know about the Signora Bonini?"

The butcher arched his brows. "She is a customer of mine, signore."

"How long has she lived here?"

The butcher shook his head. "She has bought meat from me—let me see—five months perhaps. Before that I know nothing."

"But she's not a native?"

"That I can't say."

"You told Riccardo and Bianca you saw me going to her house."

"Impossible, signore! I stay always in my shop—I observed nothing."

"But you saw me here, the day I met the Signorina Luigia."

Giacomo stared in blank innocence. "Did you meet her here?"

"But you told Riccardo."

"Never, signore. Of that I am certain."

Casanova frowned. "Out with the truth, man! Why pretend?"

The butcher was deeply hurt. "Signore, I do not care to have my word questioned."

IN this case," said Casanova, "you can't help yourself. I inquire into a matter of public concern. The signore's husband is in the hands of the law, and the signora, whether on his account or her own, excites comment—all of which is no news to you. I would advise complete frankness."

But the butcher was not to be cowed. "Signore, in what capacity do you represent the city authorities?"

Casanova paused a second to rearrange his strategy. "There are other authorities," said he, "besides those under whom you live. I asked for information which you run no risk in giving, but any unwillingness to reply may excite suspicion."

"Of what, signore?"

"Apparently," said Casanova, "you are one of her confederates."

The butcher laughed but his eye wasn't pleasant. "In this city we are aware of our rights. So long as we behave, we enjoy liberty. I have a license to distribute meat."

"And gossip."

The man smiled. "We are but human, signore. In later years I may mention the fact that you called upon me this morning and asked strange questions. To recall the incident, I shall need no permission from the town fathers. . . . Is there anything else, signore? I am busy."

Casanova smiled with sudden cordiality. "My compliments, Giacomo! In your city I have met no man so intelligent."

The butcher smiled back. "The compliment overwhelms me, signore! Come again! Glad to serve you any time."

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*Will the advocate and the commissioner succeed in freeing the signora's husband? And can Casanova, in spite of his good intentions, bring himself to leave a lady so lovely and so willing? Read the answers in next week's final chapter.*

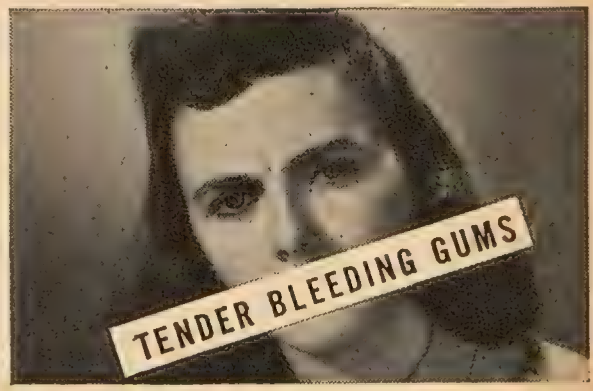
SEE YOUR DENTIST
EVERY 3 MONTHS!

Nowadays smart folks go every 3 months to their dentist. In the long run, this not only saves dental bills and needless pain, but it enables your dentist to keep a close watch for any gum disorders that so often result in terrible suffering and loss of teeth.

WARNS 4 OUT OF 5 ABOUT GINGIVITIS

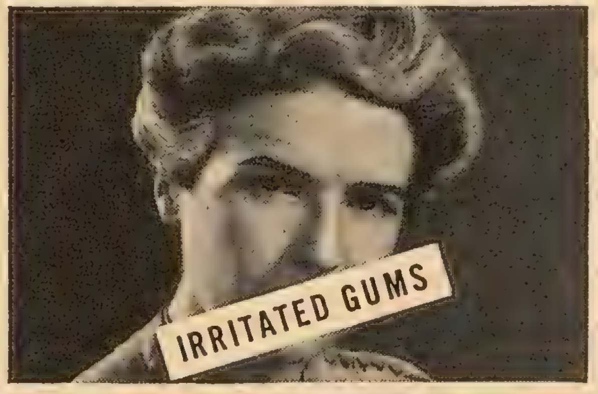
[*A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea*]

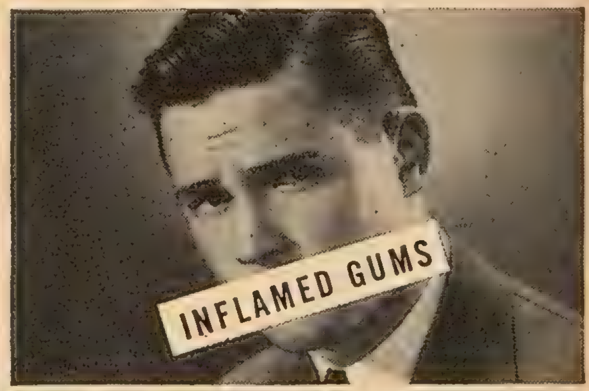
SPONGY, SHRINKING GUMS



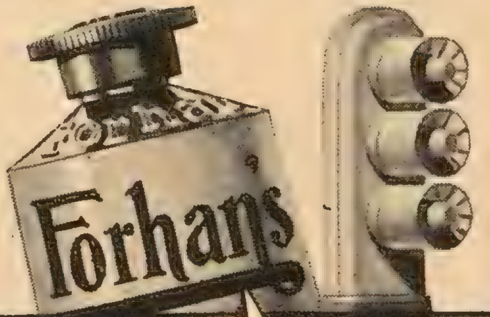
**PYORRHEA:** One of the most distressing diseases of modern civilization — gums waste away—vile pus around teeth sockets—teeth loosen and can be picked out. Don't be fooled into thinking any toothpaste, powder or liquid can help this condition. There is no remedy for Pyorrhea except the care and skill of your dentist.

**GINGIVITIS:** A common inflammation of the gums where they join the teeth is often a forerunner of Pyorrhea. At the slightest sign of tender or bleeding gums—see your dentist. At home clean your teeth and massage gums twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste, and the special new Forhan's Gum Massager.





**BRIGHT, SPARKLING TEETH** require healthy gums. To help keep gums firm, hard, healthy and more able to ward off infection MASSAGE daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.



**JOIN FORHAN'S "SAVE YOUR TEETH" PROGRAM.** See your dentist every 3 months. And every morning and night massage your gums and clean your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste, special formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan, for the teeth and gums. It effectively cleanses dull, dingy teeth, revealing their natural luster—helps remove acids that cause decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years! At drug and department stores. Weekend size, at all 10¢ stores.

*The Original Toothpaste for Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth*

FREE

50¢ GUM MASSAGER

Send the carton of giant 50¢ size Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-I, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

**"Many a girl** flags a man's interest . . . then her breath makes his interest flag. Better play safe and keep *your* breath sweet with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

**"I'm never at sea** when it comes to deciding what flavors I want. I get FIVE FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS . . . five grand fruit flavors in one package!"

**"Nothing's** quite so refreshing as a PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER after meals—except, of course, a PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER *between* meals!"

PEP-O-MINT
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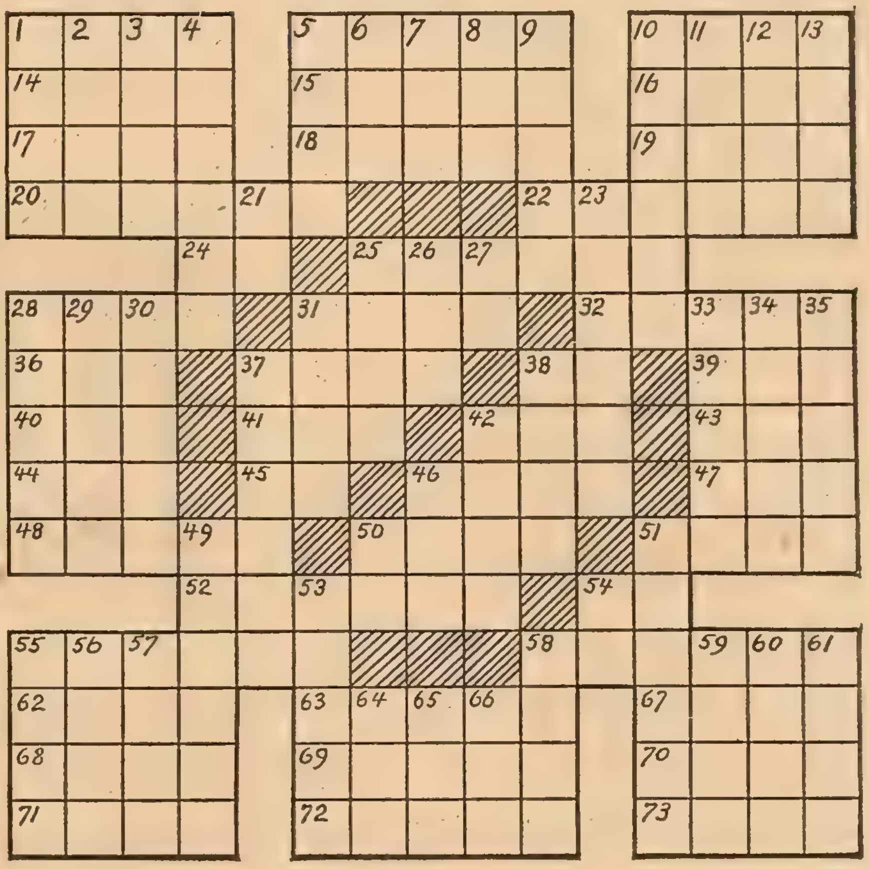
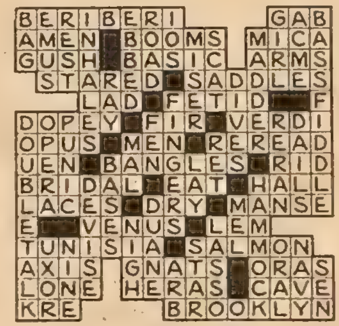
**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours.

**When you visit the New York World's Fair, don't miss the 250-foot Life Savers Parachute Jump. A real thrill!**

# CROSSWORDS

## BY LEE PASQUIN





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Last week's answer

### HORIZONTAL

1 Tart
5 A fruit
10 Burn slightly
14 Ballot
15 Avoid
16 Cavity
17 A day of the Roman month
18 A snake
19 On the ocean
20 Debase
22 Superficial show
24 One of the states (abbr.)
25 Quiet
28 Try
31 Within
32 A flower
36 Rodent
37 Egyptian goddess
38 Part of to be
39 Winglike part
40 Before
41 High mountain
42 Definite article
43 Short smart sound
44 Consumed
45 Pronoun
46 One of the Celtic race
47 Prefix: upon
48 Palpitate
50 Solid
51 Raised
52 Drooping
54 Exclamation
55 To pass by bequest
58 Russian wagon
62 Mixture
63 Lowest point
67 Assert
68 To mend
69 To slur over
70 Rubber hoop
71 Individual (pl.)
72 Taut
73 Donations

### VERTICAL

1 Eager
2 A system of signals
3 Also
4 Arid wasteland
5 Thin
6 Antiquity (archaic)
7 Mire
8 Poem
9 Courage
10 Intones
11 Stockings
12 On the sheltered side
13 In the back
21 Sloth
23 A smooth hard coating
25 To clip off
26 Pronoun
27 Exclamation
28 Behave toward
29 Soil
30 Guide
31 Island
33 Small wax candle
34 To slip away
35 Speedy
37 A metrical foot
38 Ejaculation
42 Sour
46 Alcoholic drink
49 Vegetable (pl.)
50 A note of the scale
51 A tree gum
53 Belief
54 Pronoun
55 Extinct bird
56 Spirit
57 Muck
58 Large woody plant
59 Bad
60 Seed
61 Greek god
64 Beverage
65 Noise
66 Small fish (pl.)

**The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.**

# BOMBS OVER CHUNGKING

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FROM my diary of Thursday, May 25:

Foggy and misty at daybreak, but an hour later the sun came out and it may be a clear day, the first since the day of my arrival.

At six o'clock in the afternoon I was just about ready to call it a day and order my usual bottle of beer before an early dinner, when the warning siren began to wail like a foghorn in its death throes—a warning that Japanese airplanes were approaching. This was the signal for every other whistle in the place to be opened and for every chauffeur to blow his horn, for the Chinese never miss an opportunity to make a noise, and this was an excellent one. Noise might save lives.

The Ningpo houseboy sauntered into the open door of my room and announced nonchalantly, "Japan devil man come." He pulled the curtain and closed the shutter, according to air-raid regulation.

I went out on the veranda, where I could get a fairly good view of the street and see for many miles to the east, from which direction it was logical to expect a Japanese air raid to come. The street was busier than usual, but there was little hurry and no panic. Motorcars, rickshas, and pedestrians just traveled a little faster. A half dozen Chinese women from the house above us walked down the steps toward one of the public dugouts, carrying or leading their children.

I had not believed that we would get such early warnings of air raids and expected the squadron to begin dropping bombs at any moment. Six planes did appear very high in the sky, circled about, and then separated and started for the east. They were Chinese pursuit planes sent out to intercept the invaders.

Gradually the street noises died down. There were no pedestrians or rickshas to be seen. Only the occasional rumble of a truck was to be heard, and then that ceased. I had never imagined that a big and crowded city could be so still in the broad daylight. Then there was another warning from the siren, a short one, indicating that the planes had been sighted and that there was no further time to lose. A group of Chinese ladies in silk gowns appeared from an adjoining house and sauntered through a gate to some private place of refuge. I strongly suspect that they had been in an exciting game of mah-jongg which they were leaving with great reluctance.

Three planes appeared in the sky far above us and toward the east. In the distance, they looked no larger than the spider which was spinning a web for herself in the phoenix tree next to us. We could only guess whether they were Chinese or Japanese. The sun was just setting and, while it shone on us, the valleys below were dark. It had been almost an hour since the first alarm was given and I began to think that maybe our guests were not coming after all.

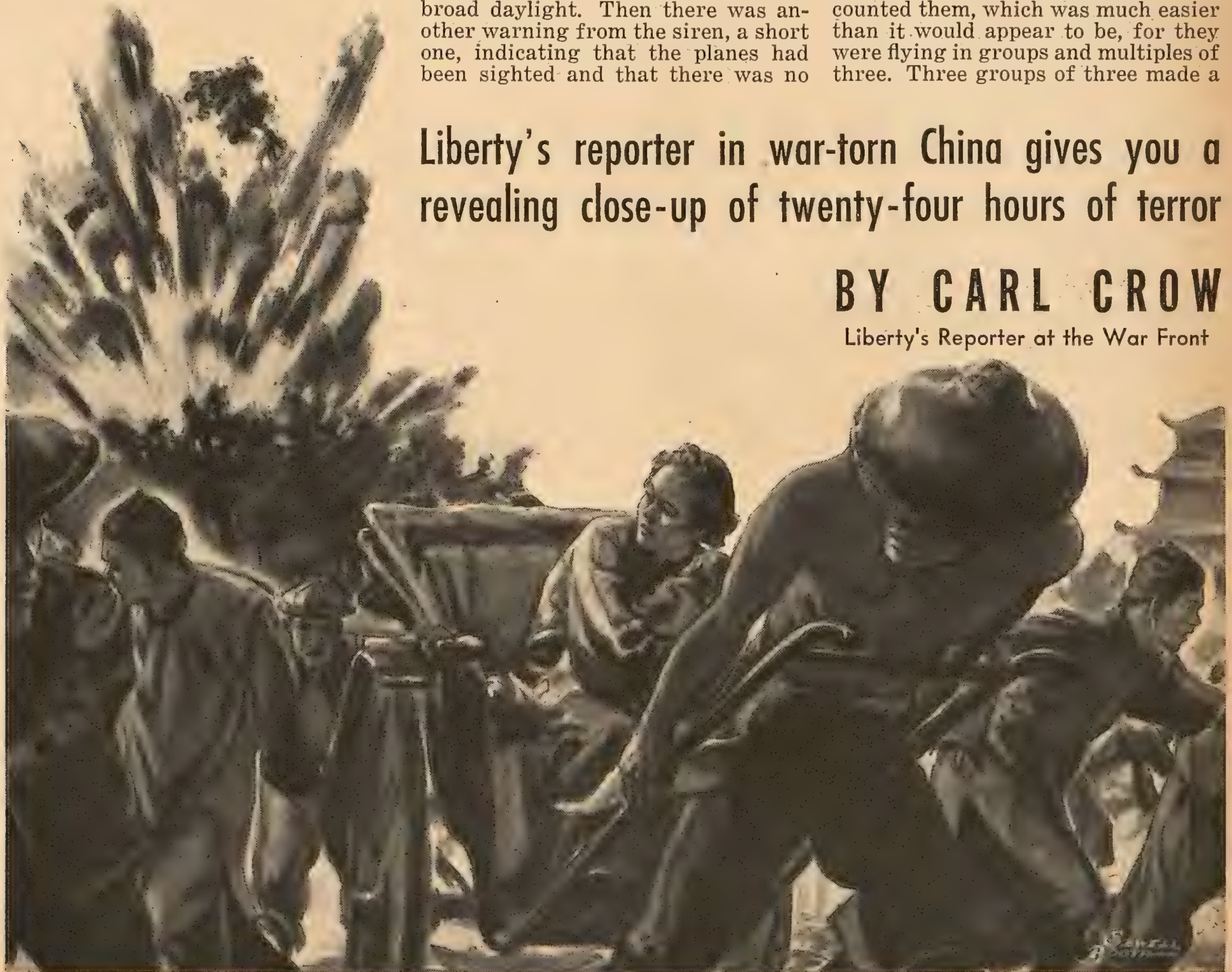
Suddenly the Ningpo boy yelled: "More better you go inside, master! Plenty planes come!"

He was right. There were plenty of planes and they were just above us. Some strange air current must have deadened the sound of their approach, but now it burst on us deafeningly, like the buzz of giant hornets. I counted them, which was much easier than it would appear to be, for they were flying in groups and multiples of three. Three groups of three made a

## Liberty's reporter in war-torn China gives you a revealing close-up of twenty-four hours of terror

### BY CARL CROW

Liberty's Reporter at the War Front



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squadron of nine and three squadrons made a total of twenty-seven planes.

Then there were bursts of antiaircraft gunfire from several concealed points very near us. A leaf from the phoenix tree fluttered to the ground. Maybe it chose just that moment to die of natural causes. Maybe it had been clipped by a flying piece of shrapnel. My faith is strong that the law of averages will save me from being hit by a bomb, but shrapnel covers a much wider territory, and I am childishly afraid of it.

It was quite dark inside the stone archway which serves as a temporary refuge while our fine new dugout is being completed. I stumbled over the Chinese women who were there, and a Chinese boy turned on his flashlight for me and then went out for a chair, as all the benches were full. We were quite safe here from shrapnel, quite safe from everything except a direct hit on the building. And the chances of that were too remote to worry about.

The sounds of the antiaircraft guns and the exploding bombs now became so incessant that I could not distinguish one from the other. What added to the confusion but blended all the sounds was the fact that we were enclosed in high hills on all sides, so that a single rifle shot echoed and reechoed in fine imitation of the rattle of a machine gun.

The noise became less deafening as the planes moved out of range of the guns near us, and we heard only muffled sounds from the other side of the hill. A young Chinese mother sitting next to me was singing a lullaby to her baby. She had probably been singing all the time but I had not heard her.

It was light outside the shelter, for the hills were flooded with moonlight. A tall cloud of gray smoke rose from the east and from the same direction a few dull explosions. The fire must have found some cans of oil. Black clouds of smoke billowed up and blotted out the gray. A faint red glow could be seen above the edge of the hill. We could hear the airplanes but could not see them in the semidarkness. Two fire engines dashed by us on the way to the fire but without the clang of bells, for there was no one on the streets to warn.

The sound of the planes died away and there was silence again, even more startling than that which had preceded the raid, for it was in such contrast to the din to which we had been listening. Soldiers appeared on the street making cautious use of their flashlights and warned people not to leave their refuges until the "All clear" signal had been sounded.

We sat in the moonlight and waited. The boy brought me the bottle of beer I had thought about ordering three hours before. I tried the experiment of keeping mosquitoes away by cigarette smoke but it was not successful. There was not a point of light to be seen, only the occasional flash from a soldier's torch, like that of a lightning bug. Then, just at nine thirty, the lights all over the city flashed on. The show had lasted just three and a half hours.

The cook had been working by candlelight, and behind closely drawn shades and closed shutters the boys had set the table. Dinner was ready for me and I was ready for dinner.

It is now early morning. The stonemasons who are at work on a Chinese bank building just below me are hard at it. They woke me at half past five, for they went to work a half hour earlier than usual in order to make up for the time they lost last evening. On the hillside above me some one is playing a Chinese flute. On the street below peddlers are rattling their tiny drums to advertise the fact that they have needles and thread and buttons for sale. The Ningpo boy brought my oranges and tea and just grinned. We had escaped danger together and so there was a bond between us. From the veranda I see the young mother, still singing lullabies to her baby. The only change in the scene is that two extra men are working on our new dugout.

The fire was put out before I went to bed. One bank building had been destroyed and another hit by a bomb but not seriously damaged. Several hundred people who were in Central Park were blown to bits. They evidently thought no bombs would be dropped there as it was an open spot with nothing but flowers and trees. There were also heavy casualties among the refugees from previous air raids who were being cared for by the French Catholic priests.

During the night the dead bodies were removed and the wrecked buildings restored to some sort of order. By daybreak all the shattered bricks had been piled on the pavement, where they would not interfere with traffic. There were few wounded to care for.

China is ready for another day.

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

**1—Vernon Castle's.**
**2—The tail.**
**3—St. Christopher.**
**4—Thirty years.**
**5—The ratio between the amount of moisture in the air and the amount it could contain without condensation.**
**6—It is a collective name for the lands of the central Pacific Ocean.**
**7—Sir Malcolm Campbell, driving the Bluebird at the rate of 130.93 miles an hour on Lake Halwil.**
**8—Rabbit.**
**9—The radio operator.**
**10—The Bible.**
**11—$10,737,418.23.**
**12—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.**
**13—Wales.**
**14—The centaur.**
**15—Charlie Chaplin.**
**16—The woman-suffrage movement.**
**17—The gravitational pull, which determines weight, is less on the planet Mars because it is smaller.**
**18—Germany.**
**19—To produce gas and thus leaven the dough.**
**20—** Mark Twain

# RHETT BUTLER

## -a Dream Walking

### Pictures are made for men—but this man was made for a picture!

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DID you ever see a dream walking?"

Probably you didn't. Possibly you never heard of the idea. But some of you may recall that this was the theme of a very popular and very beautiful pre-swing ditty.

Anyhow, you are going to see a dream walking—and that right soon—for if ever there was a dream come true, it is when Clark Gable walks out on that motion-picture screen as Rhett Butler in Gone with the Wind.

Never before in the history of the theater has there been any such public demand for a specific actor to play a specific part. No polls were taken. No polls were needed. It was Gable by acclamation—as if everybody made up his mind at the same time that a generation which had produced two such hard-fisted characters as Clark Gable and Rhett Butler was entitled to be present when they met.

These appointed meetings of the actor and the part when they happen—which is rare—just happen. Man has nothing to say about it. God is the great casting director.

There was, you may recall, a seemingly endless and obviously artificially stimulated discussion as to who was to play opposite Gable as Scarlett O'Hara. Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer—the great beauties and great ladies of Hollywood—were paraded up and down the gossip columns to make a propaganda holiday.

Then, when the choice finally fell on England and its little known Vivien Leigh, the Hollywood wise men discovered that the great majority of the American people didn't care who played Scarlett. They were completely satisfied so long as Gable played Rhett.

Even Margaret Mitchell, author of the best seller, seemed to share in the general apathy as to the distaff side of the picture. When M-G-M went so far as to announce that its own favorite Norma Shearer would be loaned to Selznick to play Scarlett, Miss Mitchell was asked what she thought of the choice and was quoted as answering: "She's a good actress."

But when she was asked about Clark Gable as Rhett Butler, her eyes brightened. "He ought to be a landslide," she said.

No one realized at first what effect this popular emphasis on the male lead would eventually have on the picture itself. By public demand Gone with the Wind, considered by most readers a woman's book—one dominated by its heroine instead of its hero—was destined to become a man's picture.

And here was trouble with a great big T. For George Cukor, who had spent two years preparing to direct the picture, is known as a woman's director: that is, he has had his greatest success in exploiting the charms and talents of women stars.

Now, Gable is one of the most uncomplaining of men, and quite the most long-suffering male star in Hollywood history. For years he has carried on his broad shoulders first one and then another fading feminine "name" actress who, without his support, would have fallen to the ground with a thud heard round the world. And through it all he has grinned.

But here was a situation somewhat different. He didn't care any more than the public did who played the girl. Known or unknown, it made no difference, except for one thing: if his co-star was known and her name was to help carry the picture at the box office, it was O. K. with him, as it had been in the past, to let the lady sit at the first table and to be content with the crumbs that fell therefrom; but if she was unknown, and if he was expected to carry the picture both in the studio and on the screen, he must have a director who he knew could bring out the best that was in him.

But what a mere actor thought,

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even a box-office actor like Clark Gable, counted for less than nothing with the all-wise Hollywood hierarchy. "Gone" started with Cukor at the controls.

Gable, like the good sport that he is, gave the director all he had. But he knew in his heart that the picture he was making was not Gone with the Wind, certainly not the heavily masculined version of the story which the public, by its emphasis on the Butler part, had shown that it wanted.

Two weeks of this sort of thing. Then the studio heads filed solemnly into the projection room to view the rushes, and decided in their wisdom that "maybe the actor guy was right."

Cukor moved over to Clare Boothe's The Women, for which he is fitted as the glove for the hand, and in which he has had a chance to exercise his well known diplomacy on the not inconsiderable task of keeping its three leading ladies—Shearer, Crawford, and Russell—out of each other's lovely hair. And Victor Fleming, whom Clark had been asking for all the time, moved into "Gone."

BUT it wasn't to be so easy as all that. Making a dream walk is apparently a difficult business!

The new director, after trying to digest the old director's two years of preparation in two weeks of study, just naturally took sick before he had finished the first month's shooting. A hurried search was made around the lots for a director lying loose who might carry on until Vic got back. The search turned up Sam Wood—good old Sam, fourteen years with M-G-M, ten previous years with Paramount—who was making successful motion pictures when many of the Hollywood front-office experts were learning to make their X with chalk.

Of course Sam wouldn't do. He was all right for a Marx Brothers' opus. But for a really important picture like "Gone"—perish the thought!

The Hollywood boys hadn't then seen what Sam could do, once he got away from Hollywood. They hadn't seen Goodbye Mr. Chips.

Fleming and Gable hadn't seen Mr. Chips either, but they knew Sam, and what he could do if he had a chance. Besides, there wasn't anybody else around. So Sam carried on and did a swell job in the Fleming tradition until the master was able to go again.

After these little contretemps, things went soothingly. Vic Fleming is M-G-M's trouble-shooter extraordinary. He has simply been called in on this one a little earlier than usual. Besides, he has shown that he knows how he-men he by making some of Gable's most successful films. So Clark and we, too, can relax. In the picture as it now comes to the screen, we are getting Rhett Butler as we want him, with a sneer on the lip and a punch in the fist.

It is not altogether a compliment, in a way, to be chosen by unanimous consent for a character type like Rhett Butler; but Clark has gotten used to that sort of thing. Besides, he points out that he doesn't claim to be an angel on or off.

"I've bumped around a bit," he said once, "and I haven't been exactly a saint or a hermit, either. Most of us are like Kipling's man, I suppose, especially if we've hit the bumps a little—we've taken our fun where we've found it."

Bumps is the word for Gable, so far as his pre-movie days are concerned. We all know the story: How he was left a motherless lad in Cadiz, Ohio, drilled for oil in Tulsa, Oklahoma, lumberjacked in Oregon, stock-companied in Texas, tank-towned all over the country, crashed Broadway in Machinal and Los Angeles in The Last Mile, only to be turned down steadily for pictures because his ears stuck out and his hair refused to stick down. The hair he could fix, but the ears he couldn't. They stayed out and so did he.

"Ears!" exclaimed a well known director in talking to me of Gable's bumpy days. "As if ears made any difference in pictures. It's the mouth that counts—what comes out of the mouth. As long as people believe what an actor is saying, the show goes on. When they stop believing, the show stops."

But finally the much bumped young man's persistence was rewarded with a small part in a picture—and the fan mail did the rest.

Here, the moguls at last realized, was something new under the California sun, a movie actor with a bisexual appeal. The girl friend insisted on going to see him. The boy friend insisted on taking her. And that, my friends, is the box office of heaven. Men liked him because there was something smoky and clubby and manny about him. Women loved him because, though he might slap them, and did, he smiled when he did it—and there was something in that smile—not exactly gentleness, but something that batted for gentleness—which turned the slap into a caress.

THERE was a mystery about the man which defied detection, not the mystery of dreamy eyes, of bizarre headdresses, of shining armors, of flowing robes, which made the Shiek of Araby so fascinating to his feminine admirers, but that eternal mystery which ever troubles and eludes the feminine mind and heart—the mystery of a man. There was a sweetness about him, too, which made you doubt his roughness, a softness which made you doubt his hardness, a sympathy which made you doubt his cruelty. There was, in short, doubt.

It is his amazing ability to make an unsympathetic part stand out, to make it downright likable, which *does* make it a compliment to be chosen as the one, the only, the inevitable Rhett Butler.

Whether we will like him so well in this complex sort of role as we have been liking him in the straight comedies in which he has been specializing since his first laugh success, It Happened One Night, remains to be seen. Clark himself is honestly doubtful.

"Pictures like Test Pilot and Too Hot to Handle," he says, "seem to be what the public expects of me."

One thing the new role is doing for him: It is taking that grin off his face. Ever since Clark Gable, out on loan to Columbia, walked into the strange studio, and Frank Capra, seeing him for the first time in the flesh, said, "That man's a comedian," every director in Hollywood has been shouting at him, "Smile, Clark, smile!"

That smile in It Happened One Night got him an Academy Oscar and proved to a lot of skeptical people that he was an actor, not just a type—the best actor in Hollywood, some said, and Charles Chaplin was among those who used the phrase—but it marked the end, apparently for all time, of the scowling, menacing Gable upon whom we had come to dote. But now, at long last, we have once more, in Gone with the Wind—in the big scenes at least—a refreshingly grinless Gable.

Ten years in Hollywood, eight of which have been phenomenally successful, have changed the off-screen Gable very little. Appearance? Yes. The round-faced youth who made love to Carole Lombard in No Man of Her Own was quite a different person, architecturally speaking, from the man who makes love to her now in that low, rambling farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley, and, to my mind, not a spot on the present Clark as a lover.

To Carole's mind also, if we can judge by her responsiveness then and her responsiveness now!

IN matters of character and behavior, however, Clark is still the big untamed boy of the turtle-neck sweater days. He still takes everything in his stride. And for all his professional and financial success, he has had some difficult things to take.

Woman trouble, for one thing. He has been divorced twice and falsely accused of being the father of an illegitimate child—each time by women a decade or more his senior—and used by dozens of younger ones, who pretended to be engaged to him, as a clotheshorse on which to drape the mantle of their own publicity. He has been pursued wherever he went by mad throngs of gasping females, and pilloried in the public prints because of it.

Such experiences have ruined many a theatrical career. But they have had no visible effect on Gable's box-office appeal. He can take it. He can keep his head, too. On his shoulders, and inside his hat—the same size he used to wear in his bumpy days.

Gable is taking Gone with the Wind in just the same stride. To him, it is like what a World Series contest is to Charlie Ruffing—just another ball game. When the firing was at its hottest, he even took a day off to get married.

Of course marrying is important business, and marrying Carole Lom-

DEATH LEERS as Hunter Plummets into Pit!

JAMES KIDWELL
*Mt. Vernon, Texas*

1. **"With my hound Jep,** I had bagged seven 'possums and was heading back for bed," writes James Kidwell. "I was cutting through the yard of an abandoned hilltop house, when the hound gave a frightened yelp and lit out for home.

2. **"I chuckled,** for superstitious folks down our way regard this as an ill omen. The next moment, rotten timbers crashed under me—I felt myself plummeting downward!

3. **"I landed** at the bottom of an old well. It was impossible to scale the perpendicular walls. I retrieved my flashlight from the icy water. She still worked.

4. **"My only chance** was to keep shooting the beam upward, hoping that it would be seen and that the batteries would last. My luck was good—two boys going home from town saw the strange flashes, and investigated. Those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries positively saved my life, as I would have died of exposure, if help hadn't come. You've got to be in the predicament I was before you really can appreciate the value of *fresh* batteries.

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James Kidwell"

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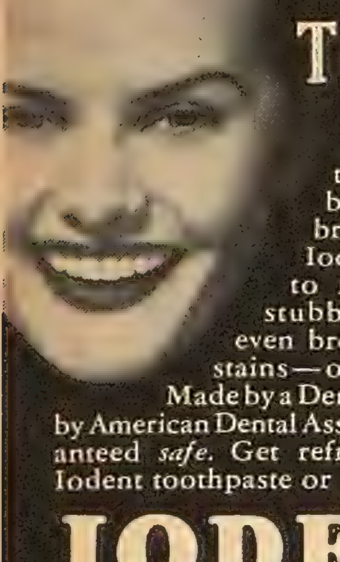

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bard, whether you look at her as at a priceless specimen of God's handiwork or as a $450,000-a-year specimen of man's, is Big Business of a super-colossal type. But there really wasn't any hurry about it. Clark and Carole had been doing all right on the boy-and-girl-friend basis for nearly three years. If Clark had been as impressed as Mr. Selznick probably thinks he should be by being allowed to play Rhett Butler in Gone with the Wind, the Gables could have put off the ceremony a little while longer. In fact, there were many in Hollywood, friends of both, who kind of hoped that they would put it off indefinitely.

Not that their love was not the real thing. But three years are good going for a love affair in the cinema capital. And Carole and Clark had had their three years.

They were, in a way, a natural. She was the most famous divorced girl in pictures. He was the most famous divorced or almost divorced man. They both liked to laugh—and they had gagged their merry way through parties and hunting trips and long evenings at home. It was too good to last, Hollywood said, and it would be better that they should not press their luck. But they did. They motored down to Kingman, Arizona, and got themselves married. And now they're down on the farm, this pair that has seen Paree.

It is the life that they both have said they wished to live. Cats and dogs, the Gables are smothered in them. Both have gone in for these pets in a big way. Combined, their collection is appalling. It fills the entire fourteen acres. There's hardly room for the goats, of which they have plenty, or the cow that John Cromwell gave them as a wedding present—for which Clark promptly bought a special cream separator—or Carole's one hundred and twenty-five chickens—for which she took a correspondence course in poultry feeding. Yes, it is the life, a great life. But Hollywood asks:

"When are they going to lead it?"

"With their separate commitments in separate pictures at separate studios, how many days in the year can they count on being together in this rural paradise between cock's crow and cat's out."

Also, Hollywood says it may be all right now. These two really quite wonderful people may be able to enjoy more than their allotted onescore months and sixteen, but how can it last?

What will happen when Clark, older than Carole, drops out of the Hollywood picture?

What will happen if Carole, being a woman, fades as a star when her first beauty fades?

What will happen if either of them, with a superb gift for comedy, continues as a wanted character actor after the other can get nothing but bits?

Well, I make no more predictions. But I offer this thought: except for Mary Pickford and her Doug, there has never been a marriage in Hollywood of two such top-ranking stars. The Pickford-Fairbanks marriage lasted a long time. If there had been any such community of tastes and interests as exists in the Lombard-Gable marriage, it might be lasting yet.

ANOTHER thing: The simple life that the Gables choose to lead—their ranch house has no guestroom, whereas Pickfair was lousy with guestrooms and had a guesthouse besides—even if their present professional activities keep them from enjoying it to the full, is the best insurance I know for a happy Hollywood marriage.

The curse of Hollywood is not gin or sin. It is something more subtly devastating and less easily defined than any of the age-old lusts of the flesh. The curse of Hollywood is itself. And what is itself? I'll tell you: A community in which everybody is playing up to everybody else, in which everybody is trying to appear bigger and brighter and richer—especially, richer!—than everybody else.

Of course, this sort of thing never gets anyone anywhere. Building a swimming pool grander than your neighbor's, even buying a count for a husband doesn't dull the memory of the extra girl who washed dishes beside you in a Hollywood beanery, and it doesn't silence her envious tongue.

Social illusions are no more satisfactory than financial ones. When you buy an automobile, even on the installment plan, you have something in the garage for a while. But when you buy a social position which you never get, you have nothing. And that is what most of Hollywood's highest-hatters have to show for their synthetic excursions into so-called society—absolutely nothing. They don't even possess the endearing qualities which first brought them success.

But Carole and Clark are not like that. With their incomes they could buy all the swimming pools and social pretensions west of the Rockies, but they don't care.

And for that reason, my friends, I believe they have a chance.

THE END

*The New, Quick-Kill* BORATED
PULVEX
FLEA POWDER

Your dog would tell you that killing his fleas "ain't enough"; he wants you to lessen his scratching, too.

That's what the new, borated Pulvex does! First, it kills the torturing fleas. Then it helps soothe after-itching due to scratching. It lessens scratching even more by keeping new fleas off for several days, giving his sensitive hide a chance to normalize. ● Kills 100% faster than the old Pulvex. None revive to reinfest. Kills dog ticks and lice too. For your dog's quicker, greater comfort, de-flea him with the new Pulvex.

AMAZING... UNBELIEVABLE. *but* TRUE
A SPOT OF PULVEX WILL KILL THE FLEAS ON YOUR DOG

MAKES YOUR DOG *so much more* COMFORTABLE

Kills the Fleas *Quick*

At pet, drug, dept. stores, 50c.

**PULVEX 6-USE DOG SOAP kills fleas, oils, tones, deodorizes, grooms, cleans, 50c. Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c.**

..helps SOOTHE Irritations Due to Scratching

WHY NOT WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE CASH? **$2,000** PRIZE MONEY FOR LIBERTY CONTESTERS!

# FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## NO ARTISTIC TALENT NEEDED ANY ONE CAN WIN!

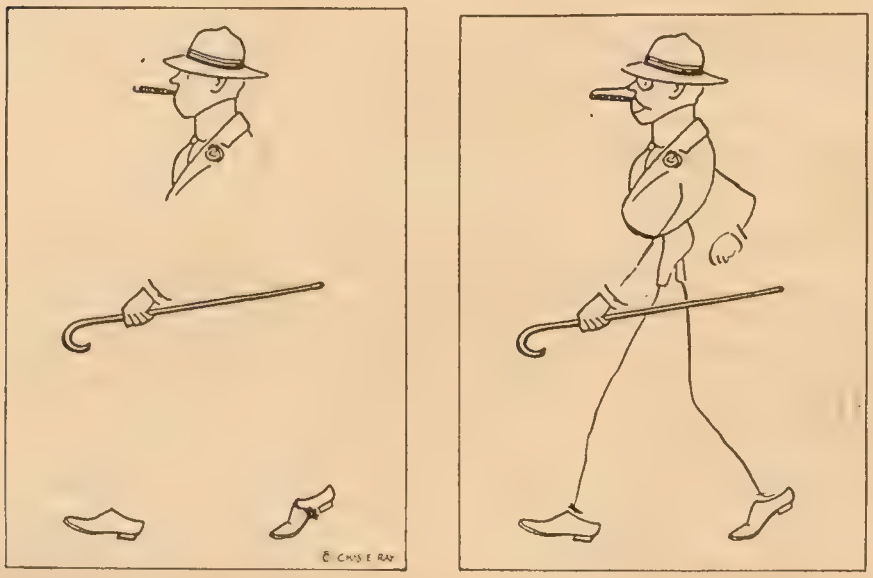
TIME to enter is getting short! This is the eighth week of the Funny Fill-Ins competition, and if you covet a share of the prize money that Liberty's contestants are going to divide, by all means get into the game now, without further delay. You can start by reading the brief Rules carefully. Then decide what you will make of the opportunity for fun the artist has provided in Fill-In No. 8. If this is your first attempt, better make some tracings to work with before you make the official fill-in. Remember, artistic skill is not a requirement. The fun's the thing and an amateur is as likely to capture the quality of amusement as a professional. More so, perhaps. Try your hand at it even if you've never tried to sketch in your life. When you pick up your pencil you may be drawing a substantial prize!

## LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you require the first seven Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can draw in the lines at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field. Save all Fill-Ins until the end of the game.

## TO HELP YOU START

As an example of the possibilities of this game, Liberty publishes an illustration below. Perhaps you will use this for practice before working on Funny Fill-In No. 8. Possibly you will make tracings of the Fill-In and complete them in various ways before selecting your final version. No matter how you proceed, please remember that artistic talent is not necessary at all. The fun's the thing!



Copyright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray

## THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

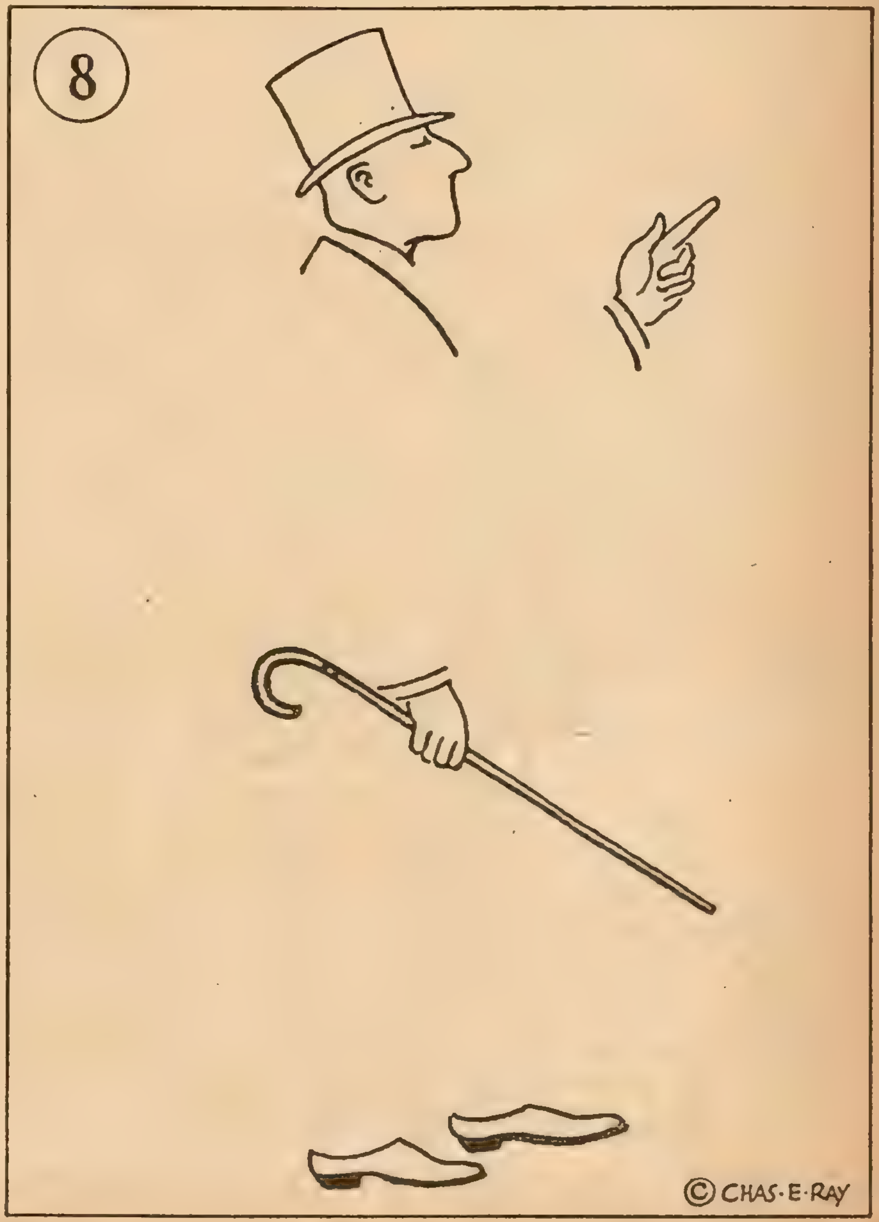
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

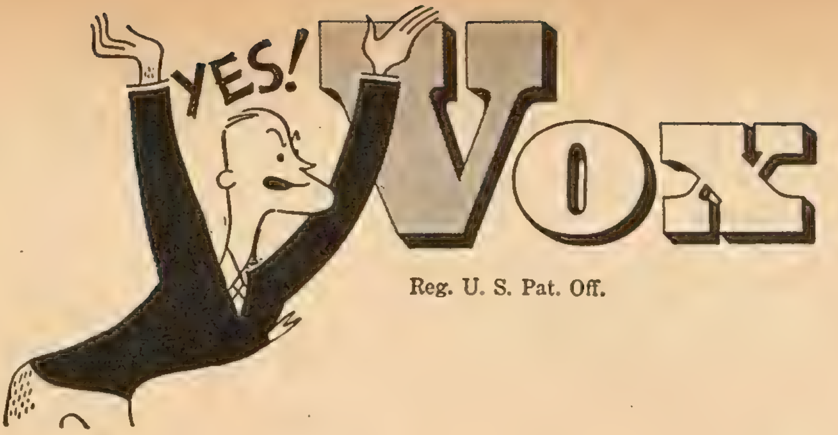
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## COMMUNISM: A THREAT, OR JOKE?

Boone, Ia.—After reading the series of articles on Communism by Comrade X (July 15-August 5 Liberty), I just wonder if he really ever was an actual Communist.

Out here in the Middle West we do not look upon Communists as a real threat, since they have never been able to muster more than 80,000 votes out of 40,000,000 votes cast. To us it is more or less of a nuisance and we feel that they do not deserve the publicity your magazine has given them.

Furthermore, I do not agree with Comrade X when he says, "Communism fears only the American Legion and the Catholic Church." These two institutions have made more noise about Communism than perhaps any others, but according to your admissions it has continued to grow and prosper until it has reached a position of danger to our Republic. Such tactics only make martyrs of Communists and gain for them a degree of public sympathy that they could not gain otherwise.

The one thing Communism cannot stand is good times. Professional Communists dread the banishment of the depression and the return of decent working conditions for honest working people. They also fear freedom of speech that will force them to bring their doctrines out in the open, where they will have to stand the scrutiny of public opinion.

While I am a churchman, I lose no sleep whatever about their desire to destroy God and the church. All I can say to them is: Hop to it and let me know when you have succeeded in doing it, as I would like to see what has happened to you in the meantime.—*Thomas J. Pettit.*

Hancock, Mich.—I Was a Communist in the U. S. A. snapped me out of a situation —a rather tragic one. You see, I regarded Communism and its activities in the United States as a joke, as I am sure many others did. Now I realize just what a tragic situation it is, to be regarded seriously, with sterner measures than ever before. The author's comment of a quotation to him, "Put J. Edgar Hoover on the job and there won't be any such thing as the Communist Party in America," is a very good idea. I'm sure such measures as wholesale deportation of the active Communists would be justified in every sense of the word.—*Walter M. Savela.*

Coalinga, Calif.—Liberty cannot be praised too highly for printing this series on Communism, and can render no better service to this country than to continue such a program.

Communism grows by means of the continued repetition of distorted truth and absolute lies, and if we are to combat this scourge successfully we must use similar tactics in the constant repetition of truth and exposé of Communistic deception. We must defeat Communism in this country, and we can do so by exposing it to sunlight just as Comrade X has done. What do you say, Mr. President?—*Emmett V. Wilent, Washington, D. C.*

Enid, Okla.—How Stalin Uses the New Deal (August 5 Liberty) reads to any one of sound mind and body as the most vile, obnoxious, slanderous, and lying article ever published by a supposed-to-be reputable magazine.

Any one with a thimbleful of gray matter knows full well that this article is nothing but a piece of high-priced paid political propaganda. In the first place, the author signed it as Comrade X. This alone should put the reader on his guard. There ought to be a law against such trash. Let's see you print this in Vox Pop.—*J. H. Chowning.*

[Among other correspondents on this topic were: J. A. Sorenson, Springfield, Ill.; Jack Crill, Cleveland, Ohio; Bill Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. J. Pope, Chicago, Ill.; L. D. Todd, Amarillo, Tex.; G. H. Eklis, Butte, Mont.; Harry Gershon, San Francisco, Calif.; Ann Riess, Pearblossom, Calif.; Charles Andringa, Byron Center, Mich.; Felix H. Garcia, Dallas, Tex.; Mike Mulligan, Boston, Mass.; A. G. Gibson, Madisonville, Ky.; Ed Thomburg, Detroit, Mich.; Ralph Morton, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Rev. C. A. Butz, Bethlehem, Pa.; William McCain, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. Paull, Ishpeming, Mich.; C. B. Overman, High Point, N. C.; A. Biggs, Newark, N. J.; William Myers, Newburgh, Ind.; P. C. B., Washington, D. C.; R. C., Atlanta, Ga.; James Carroll, Modesto, Calif.; John M. Marcy, Detroit, Mich.; and Charles Watson of Philadelphia, Pa.—Vox Pop Editor.]

## SIAMESE TWIN CHICKS

Marengo, Ia.—Adam Carnavelli (June 10 Vox Pop) asks if anything would develop if he set a double-yolked egg. Yes, two perfect chicks, but Siamese twins. We set one years ago and the result was two chicks joined back to back. One or the other was always kicking to get his feet down on the ground. Later a man I know tried it and there were two chicks joined wing to wing. They pulled each other around continually.—*Anna MacDuffee.*

## MONEY OR MARBLES?

Toronto, Ont.—If the world's total outlay in wages is ten billion dollars a year and its merchandises, thus produced, have a total sale value of eleven billion dollars a year, how can we give back eleven marbles when we have received only ten? If we had the solution to that, we could end the depression.—*Alex Duhamel.*

## ANYWAY, THE NUMBER IS CORRECT

Sunapee, N. H.—Number 18 in August 12 Twenty Questions states that U. S. Highway No. 1 starts at Bangor, Maine, and ends at Key West, Florida. The official road map issued by the State Highway Commission of the State of Maine shows U. S. Highway No. 1 continuing north as far as Fort Kent and Madawaska, Maine, the most northerly towns in the state. Kindly correct this in a forthcoming issue to settle arguments.—*Erasmus T. Hill, Jr.*

Rockland, Me.—You said Highway No. 1 began at Bangor, Maine. It begins at Calis, Maine.—*Carolyn Webster.*

[Looks like we all struck out on this one. The American Automobile Association informs us that U. S. Highway No. 1 has been extended and now begins at Edmunston, New Brunswick, and terminates at Miami, Florida, and not at Key West.—Vox Pop Editor.]

## SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, GEORGE!

Jamaica, N. Y.—Why don't you start a department for the exchange of ideas of readers on How to Create Your Own Job? Or, Odd-Job Dollar-Maker Ideas? Surely it would be a better use for the space now wasted on the silly letters of some Vox Pop palookas.—*George Durst.*

## WHAT A PENCHANT!

San Francisco, Calif.—I have found interesting reading in most all the Liberty Short Shorts. An average person, I have a penchant for averages.

In thirty-seven Short Shorts, November 26, 1938, to August 5, 1939, I missed saving seven: for February 11, 18, 25, March 4, 11, 18, and April 8. I regret that carelessness.

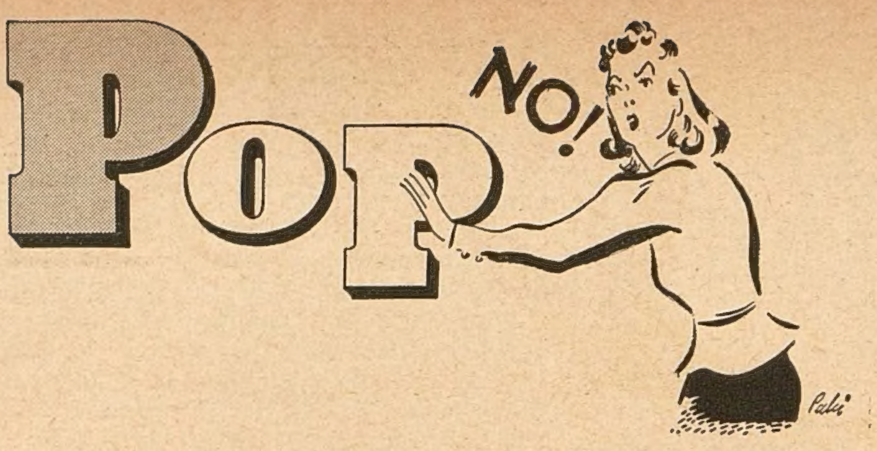
Of the thirty I saved, total reading time shown was 2 hours 14 minutes 21 seconds. Shortest time was the January 7 Short Short, at 2 minutes 20 seconds; longest, May 13, at 5 minutes 10 seconds.

Average for thirty checked was 268.7 seconds each (approximately 4 minutes 25 seconds per story).

All good reading, diversified, and all too short in less than nine months.—*A. R. Nepper.*

## STARS—AND THEIR LIMITS

Dallas, Tex. — There should be a better rating system for the Movie Reviews



than just the four-star system. Certainly the films are better or worse than the limits of the four stars and no star will show. Perhaps a plus and minus start grade could be given.

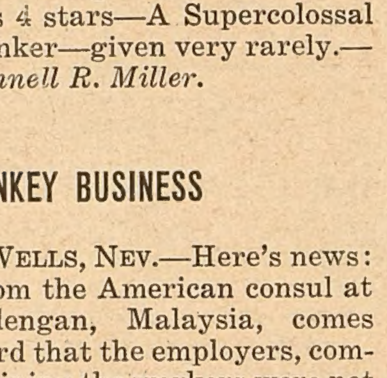
Such a system would work like this:

4 stars—Tops—to be given only in rare cases; 3 stars—Very Excellent—for only a few films; 2 stars—Good—for the better run pictures; 1 star—Fair—for the average movie; no stars—Indifferent—just another picture; minus 1 star—Slightly Boring; minus 2 stars—A Bad Picture; minus 3 stars—A Terrible Picture—given seldom; minus 4 stars—A Supercolossal Stinker—given very rarely.—*Connell R. Miller.*

## MONKEY BUSINESS

WELLS, NEV.—Here's news: From the American consul at Kelengan, Malaysia, comes word that the employers, complaining the workers were not working fast enough, have trained monkeys to pick coconuts. The monks now are grabbing coconuts offen the trees; each monk picks as much as five workers used to.

They don't kick about hours, don't expect any pay, and eat but little food. Boy, that should warm the cockles of our sweatshop bosses of the United States and have a pleasing effect on our calamity howlers of how bad the rich are being treated. What we need in these United States is more monkeys and less wage workers.—*L. H. Eaton.*



## SAVING AMERICA WITH TRUTH

TRACY, MINN.—I read Liberty because it keeps the sap flowing.

I have followed the spread of Mr. Macfadden for the past twenty-five years. As an exponent of physical culture, fine. As a political adviser, not so good.

We hear much about Americanism, patriotism, good citizenship, and civilization. In fact, isms are crammed down among our teeth with gusto. And who are the proponents? Well, there seem to be two of them.

First, those who will not or cannot think. They hide their perversion in noise like, "I am better than thou art." Then there are those who have amassed wealth or earthly benefits. They are unwilling to give to the country that has made their good fortune possible.

Outside isms are not our danger. The enemy works from within. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson warned against our danger. Abraham Lincoln suffered under it. Woodrow Wilson fell because he sought to glorify this common enemy. Our weakness lies in that we are not united in the truth. Give us the truth for morals, for wisdom, and for government. Having truth, America is safe for all people.—*Karl Herbert.*

## HOW DID EMORY LEARN THIS?

ALBANY, N. Y.—I know at least two dozen women thirty to thirty-five years of age, lovely of feature and lovely of form, but still without a man in their Garden of Eden. I have often wondered why. Now I know.

They embrace the philosophy of Gretta Palmer as indicated in her July 15 article on monogamy. The men they might have married, married girls who saw in marriage a glorious adventure rather than an opportunity to grab off some alimony when and if.—*Emory Smith.*

## PASTORAL POSTSCRIPT

ONEONTA, N. Y.—You had better tell Ethel Doherty and Louise Long to spend a week on a farm before writing another story like The Cow Laughs Last, because some of us readers are farmers, by hookey!

"H'ist, bossy," eh? We farmers say, "Get your leg back!" We say that for our own benefit, as it means nothing to the cow. Listen. You push with the hollow of your hand on the muscle just above the knee. That takes the weight off the leg and pushes it back.

A kicking cow is never strapped to a ring in the floor. The hind legs are strapped together. Besides, you don't milk a cow by squeezing from the "top down." You hold the top and squeeze the rest.—*Ray Nicholls.*

## NO SEASICKNESS, EITHER

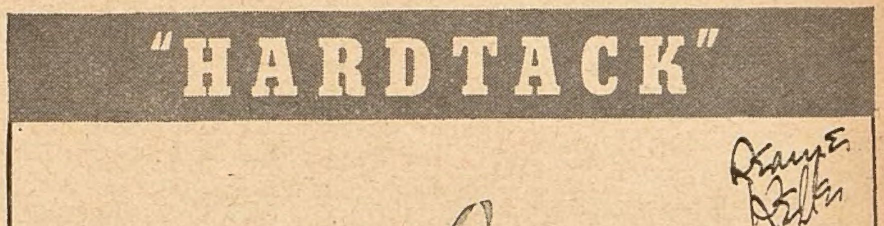
BLACKSBURG, VA.—I have grown up on Liberty since my high-school days fifteen years ago. During that time I have spent about forty dollars for Liberty, which, if used for traveling, would have allowed me to see some of the great world. But why go traveling when Liberty brings the world to my door each week and I can travel to my heart's content in the comfort of my own home?—*Ray A. Albert.*

## ARE YOU AWAKE, MR. KIDDER?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—On page 16 of August 5 Liberty appears Britain's "hero of his country, when the guns begin to roar"—armed with a U. S. Springfield, Model 1903!

Anybody who knows anything about anything knows that American troops brigaded with the British in 1918 carried "made in England" Enfields, and the National Army carried "Enfields" made in the U. S. A. and called U.S. Springfield, Model 1917. But search the pages of history through—there never was a single day on which English troops carried the U.S. Springfield, Model 1903.

I think the editors of Liberty, as well as artist Kidder, ought to wake up and find out what it is all about.—*J. A., Capt. Res., U. S. A.*



"This is my grandmother's funeral all right—she had five dollars on this team!"

# A Liberty Reporter Joins the Bund

**FULTON OURSLER**
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

**WHEN YOU HAVE** your copy of next week's Liberty in your hands, you are going to have an exciting adventure. Vicariously you are going to join the German Bund, along with a reporter for Liberty Magazine who has entered that organization, taken its oaths, learned its ritual, accepted its orders, and penetrated into its deepest mysteries. The reporter is still a member of the Bund, and he believes, whether rightly or wrongly I cannot say, that his life would be in danger if his identity were to be discovered.

**NOW, THERE IS ALWAYS** a certain amount of skepticism about anonymous stories. The unthinking are likely to conclude that the whole thing is made up, and that under the cloak of anonymity one can write anything and pretend that it is true. On that account, some people disbelieve the revelations we published recently from the pen of Comrade X, who is still a member of the Communist Party. A few went so far as to declare that there was no such person as Comrade X—that the whole thing was a hoax. Yet, before long, Comrade X may appear before the Dies Committee, in which case his identity will be known to all. The fact is that Comrade X was introduced to us by one of the most illustrious clergymen of the United States. Comrade X came into our offices with his documents and other proof of the correctness of the statements which we published.

More than that, many of his most startling disclosures could not be published because they could not be substantiated sufficiently, although we were thoroughly convinced that they were true.

We have a parallel situation in this new and startling series, I Joined the Bund, which begins next week. Here is a man who made himself a part of an organization boldly campaigning against democracy, wearing uniforms, drilling, flying above its platforms the Swastika side by side with the Stars and Stripes, and requiring of its members that they swear undying allegiance and unquestioning obedience to Adolf Hitler. The literal words of the oaths this reporter was required to take will be printed in these pages. I believe you will follow his initiation with a kind of horrified dismay.

Yes, this is an anonymous feature, but factual and authentic. It should be read by every American who wants to continue to be free.

**THE OTHER FEATURES** in next week's issue are, we hope, of equal interest and importance. They include a new serial by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot called The Shadow of the Master—a story of a lost soul and of moral rearmament; two excellent short stories, Rope's End, by one of your favorite yarn spinners, Scott Littleton; and You Go Your Way, by Frederick Nebel. Our old friend, Will H. Hays, appears with an exciting manuscript called Living Pictures Tomorrow—a prophecy of great new inventions that will make talking pictures seem real before many years have passed; Softball Isn't Sissy! by Dick Williams; America's Clipped Wings, by Walter Karig; The Latest Broadway Gags, by Harry Hershfield; and many other features, together with generous installments of the current serials.

**GLEANINGS FROM A MORNING'S MAIL:** Senator Footloose, that anonymous clairvoyant from Washington, writes as follows: " Cabinet Member No. 1 confided in me as follows: ' The President told me that if the Democrats nominate somebody he doesn't like in 1940, he is going to visit Hawaii, Alaska, and the Philippines in the autumn of 1940.' And Cabinet Member No. 2 confided: ' The President told me that some of " the boys " who are hollering against the Hatch (No Politics for Jobholders) law today are going to be doggone glad for the law in 1944.' " Which the crystal-gazing Senator Footloose interprets as (1) Roosevelt will not be a candidate and will not bolt the party if a conservative is nominated; and (2) that the President's expectations of a Democratic victory in 1940 are not very sanguine. . . . From America, the Catholic weekly: " Were only a fraction of the disclosures made by Comrade X, in a series of articles published in Liberty, actually true, the effect should be sufficient to arouse every patriotic instinct to ward off the Communist menace that is here and now threatening us. But evidence on every hand points unequivocally to the complete reliability of the disclosure." . . . There are some Americans who still believe that while the Nazis persecute the Jews, the Christians are relatively safe under their dictatorship. For their benefit herewith several quotations. The first from Professor Ernst Bergemann in his book, The Formative Land of the New Humanity: " That the human race of Western civilization is still alive in spite of having been Christianized, it owes only to the entry of the healthy German peoples in history." And from the publication Der Brünnen: " How high Horst Wessel towers over that Jesus of Nazareth! That Jesus who pleaded that the bitter cup should be taken from him. How unattainably high all Horst Wessels stand above Jesus." But another German pamphlet takes a strangely opposite attitude. It is called Die Herkunft Jesu. It says, " Jesus was Aryan on both parents' sides," which is confusing both to theology and history. Finally, the whole thing is settled by Dr. Goebbels himself, who is credited by the Atlantic Monthly with the following: " Christ cannot possibly have been a Jew. I don't have to prove that scientifically. It is a fact! "

☆

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**

**FULTON OURSLER.**

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**Liberty**
*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY CUSHMAN PARKER

# ...EVERY TEMPTING SPOONFUL *Crunchy-Crisp!*

*Delicious with fresh, frozen, or canned fruits*

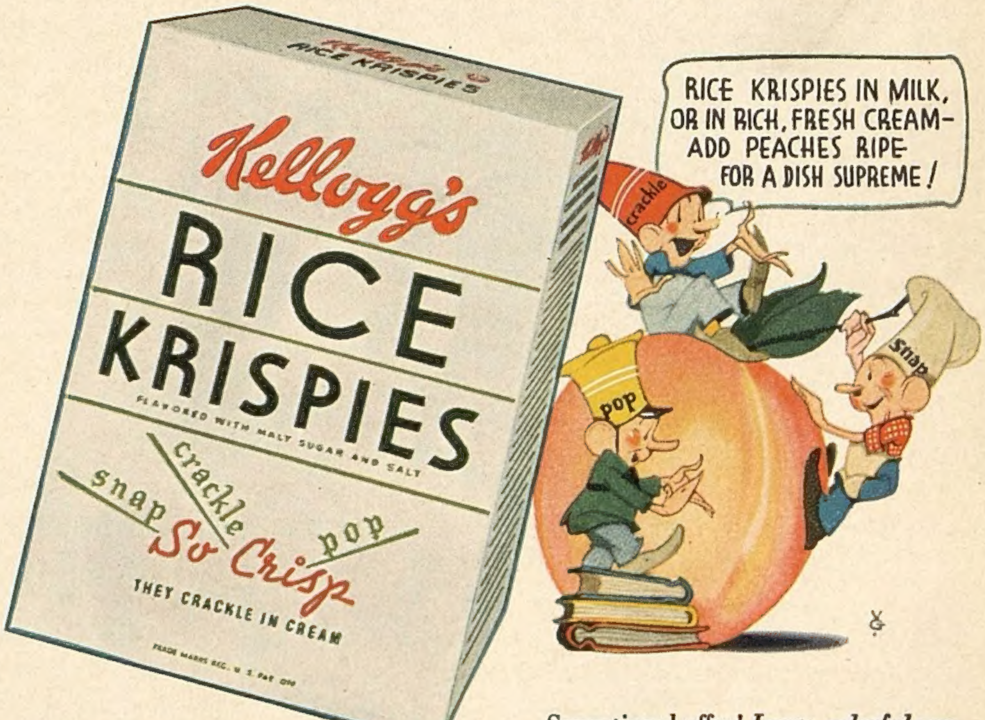
IMAGINE SERVING a breakfast cereal that is unlike anything the family has known before! Something so lastingly crunchy-crisp, so tantalizing on the tongue, so wonderfully delicate . . .

But why imagine? You *can* serve such a cereal tomorrow morning and have the whole household cheering you. Just say "Kellogg's Rice Krispies" to your grocer.

Rice Krispies are born to be different . . . and crisp as their name. They're individual grains of rice "oven-popped," by a Kellogg patented process. Then toasted to bring out the unique, rich flavor.

In milk or cream, they stay afloat and prove their sensational crispness with a snap! crackle! pop! that never fails to win the youngsters.

Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice goes into Rice Krispies. They come to you with their crisp freshness protected by Kellogg's new and exclusive inner-wrap, completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at top and bottom. "Discover" Kellogg's Rice Krispies—now!


Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap crackle pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RICE KRISPIES IN MILK, OR IN RICH, FRESH CREAM— ADD PEACHES RIPE FOR A DISH SUPREME!
crackle
Snap
pop

Sensational offer! *Large, colorful nursery-rhyme pictures by Vernon Grant, artist who created the characters "Snap!" "Crackle!" and "Pop!" See back of Rice Krispies package*

**"OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS!** Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form. They'll float for hours in milk or cream. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

# "Crops sure have improved"

**Charles Belvin, veteran independent tobacco buyer, says: "The Government's new methods have led to finer tobaccos, and Luckies always buy the 'cream.' I've smoked them for 10 years."**

*Have you tried a Lucky lately?* Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Charles Belvin point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

**Easy on Your Throat—**
**Because "IT'S TOASTED"**

*Have you tried a Lucky lately?*

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST...IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1**

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